ESTROYER—A NOVEL of a LOVE DEEPER THAN THE SEA

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

MARCH 3, 1934

Liberty

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THE BRAIN TRUST

By

H. L. MENCKEN

Gaspano Ricca

"DIVING TAKES HEALTHY NERVES — AND SO DOES MY OFFICE JOB!"
Frank Crilley, Champion Deep-Sea Diver, *says:*
"Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure—no place for a nervous man! A diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. They never upset my nervous system."
Miss Elizabeth Harben, Garden City, L. I., *says:*
"I know that deep-sea diving calls for healthy nerves. But, believe me, you can also feel plenty of real nerve strain being a secretary to a busy office executive. Telephones, callers, dictation, and a million other demands all take their toll. As to smoking—I smoke a great deal, but I'm careful in the choice of my cigarettes. I prefer Camels. They don't make my nerves jumpy, and I like their flavor better."

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How Are Your Nerves?

Do *your* responsibilities give you that "dragged through a knot hole" feeling? Do you come home tired, irritable, with nerves all askew?

Whatever your job or place in life, healthy nerves are worth any effort. Check up on your habits—your eating, your sleeping, your recreation—and do not overlook the subject of smoking. Turn to Camels, for the sake of your nerves. Any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you that

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. An important fact to nervous people!

Camel pays millions more—for your enjoyment. And how much better Camels taste—mild, rich in flavor, delightful. They never get on your nerves . . . never tire your taste.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 minutes 36 seconds.)

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

"THREE of us," says Frances Marion, "saw a stout old lady get off a trolley car on Russian Hill in San Francisco. We saw her tumble; we saw her market basket spill a shower of groceries that went rolling bumpety-bump all the way down the hill. One of us laughed. One of us said, 'How dreadful!' And one of us said, 'Why *will* women get off cars backward?'"

Ace scenario writer of Hollywood, Frances Marion told me that story to illustrate a significant point. Three people can see the same event occur, she said, and in nearly every case each one of the three will give the event an entirely different meaning. Comedy, tragedy, or human foible may all be found in the same life incident; the reflection depends upon the mind and nature of the one who sees it.

Frances Marion was telling us—you and me—how to write scenarios for the movies. For nineteen years she has composed the stuff from which our Hollywood dreams are made. She has written about four hundred screen plays. Before that she was a commercial artist—a very young one. Sold her first film story for five dollars. Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, Jackie Coogan, Lionel Barrymore, and Wallace Beery are just a few of the stars for whom she has woven romance.

Frances Marion

In and out of Hollywood her life experience has been great. Serving as a government observer, she saw the woman's side of the World War as few other women did.

Here are some of her tips to would-be screen authors: She writes her comedies first as tragedies, because, she says, it is easier to put in the smiles after you have fixed the tears; and as every one knows, a good story must make the customers both laugh and cry. Little incidents that remind the customers of their own lives are more important than plot.

One more tip: Don't send that scenario of yours to *me!* I couldn't help you dispose of it, and wouldn't know how to begin.

By the way, Frances Marion tells me she thinks that screen authoresses ought to have even more life experiences than novelists.

They should have had at least four husbands and six kids, she says; they should have been war correspondents; should have been rich, poor, and around the world at least once.

A YOUNG man recently gone into wedlock is having trouble with one of his new obligations. He says: "I can't carve. Nobody ever taught me. Father always wielded the cutlery in our house, and when he wasn't home mother did it. They never showed me how. My wife's folks neglected her education the same way. Consequently, now that we have birds and roasts of our own, we snaggle them apart as best we can; but our work is neither neat nor handsome. When we have company for dinner we are ashamed of our meat. It looks as though it had been clawed off by a wildcat."

Parents, take heed of this young couple's complaint. Teach your kids how to carve.

SOME years ago a wife discovered that her husband had been unfaithful. At the time she found it out her husband was through with the other woman. The wife said nothing. She had plenty of evidence, but kept it to herself. And she kept her man.

Now she has fallen in love with another man. After all this time she has raked up her husband's old affair and is using it to justify her claim for divorce. A reader in the same town has asked me to give my opinion as to whether or not the woman is justified. I do not think she is. What do you think?

HOME-GROWN tarragon for your salad, chervil and chives for your salad, fennel for your sauces, green sage, leaf marjoram, summer savory for your stews and your stuffings—these are the aromatic possibilities of a small herb garden. With the return of wine to American cooking the use of herbs has returned also. It is fashionable now to grow your own. You can grow them in a window box. Their magic influence upon the flavor of good food cannot be measured by ordinary standards.

SOME people are always losing things. Perhaps they are absent-minded or constitutionally careless. At any rate, the reason why they are born losers is humanly understandable.

Not so the born *finders*. I mean those uncanny individuals who are forever finding things: worthless things oftentimes—penknives, empty pocketbooks, small change, and ten-cent jewelry. But the point is, they *find* things.

To me they are uncanny things. I *never* find *anything!* It must be wonderful to be a born finder. Just like having Santa Claus in your pocket!

HERE'S an extraordinary novel, The Unforgotten Prisoner, by R. C. Hutchinson. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

NOW our evening bags—in miniature—are imitating our sports bags. You know the natural pigskin bag for sports, with a broad base and a wide strap handle across the top? Well, undersized replicas of that same bag, but done in lamé, are now the latest for evening wear.

For sport coats the newest is a three-quarter-length canvas-weave tweed in oatmeal color, fastened with one button at the neck. Mauve is the smartest shade for 1934 bathing suits. Smartest neckwear: Taffeta collars in white or pastel, with fancy quilting, hand-stitched.

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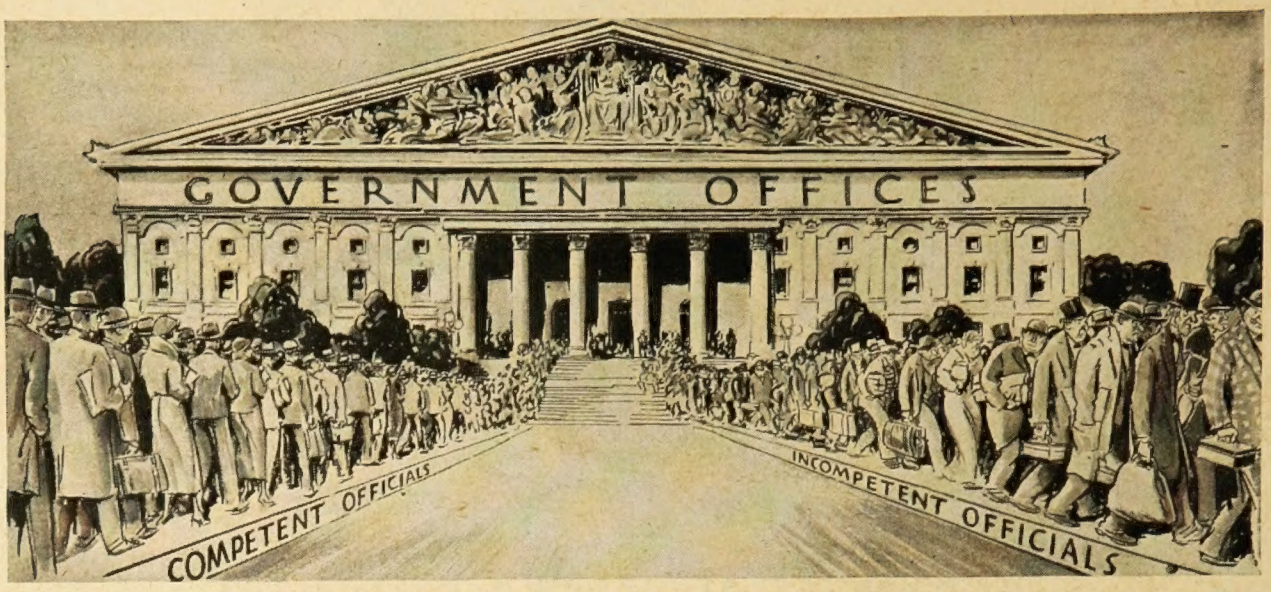
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

WHY THE SCARCITY OF REAL LEADERS?



ALL through the years of depression we were crying for a leader, some one to lead us out of the financial morass.

And we found a great leader in President Roosevelt. He had the courage and confidence to turn away from the beaten paths.

But one leader is only the beginning. We need executives of this type in every high official position.

And the dearth of real leaders everywhere at this time is largely due to what is known as favoritism—one of the greatest evils of this age.

Merit, and merit only, should count in selecting a man for a job. To be sure, if the Democrats are in power and two men, a Democrat and a Republican, of equal ability are being considered for a position, the Democrat would be selected automatically.

But the policy followed by most successful candidates is to fill all vacancies with their friends and political workers. If an appointee knows nothing about the functions of the office which he has been selected to fill, that is not especially important. In fact, many offices are managed by Civil Service employees, secretaries, etc., and they are usually able to conduct the business of their office without a head.

And yet we have the audacity to wonder why governmental expenses are so high; why governmental costs are often far in excess of those required to perform similar services in an ordinary business.

Many political appointees are grossly incompetent. They are just rubber stamps in some instances. Their secretaries often write their letters and in some instances even sign their names.

If we could have a new deal that would eliminate such rank favoritism we would not only gain financially but governmental officials would then be more efficient.

You can always determine whether an official has conscientious scruples and real ability by the appointments he makes after election. Some of our highest officials first take care of all their relatives and of those who assisted them in securing their election. Rarely are appointments made through sheer merit.

Nearly all elective offices should be filled through a merit system similar to that used in our Civil Service procedure. Candidates should not be eligible unless they have proved themselves efficient in allied activities.

Instead of fitting the job to the man, fit the man to the job. Such a policy if continued would make a tremendous difference in our tax bills, not only because of lessened expense but because officials would be far more capable.

Let us hope that the voters throughout the country will give more attention to the appointments made by successful officeholders. It is generally taken for granted that they favor their friends and relatives regardless of fitness. But ordinary plain horse sense clearly indicates that such a policy is dishonest, unfair to the voters and taxpayers.

When the Democrats get in they put out all the Republicans. When the Republicans take office the Democrats are thrown out.

"To the victors belong the spoils."

The Civil Service system was supposed to eliminate much of this colossal official waste. But there are many offices that can be used for rewarding the "faithful," with a few relatives thrown in.

At this period, when governmental expenses are becoming a back-breaking load, favoritism should be everywhere denounced.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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A Big Shot in Steel but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT—

"Pink tooth brush" is a threatening condition of the gums which should be dealt with at once. Use Ipana with massage

This man is as sparing of words as the proverbial Scotsman is of coins. He never speaks an unnecessary word—and he never talks about himself. Nobody—with the exception of his wife, his dentist, and his son—knows that he's a Dental Cripple. But *he* knows it—every minute!

Like most men, he thought he was doing *plenty* when he cleaned his teeth a couple of times a day, and went to a dentist when a tooth raised Cain and kept him awake all night.

When a dentist told him that gums which bleed need massage, with Ipana—he let it go in one ear and out the other. He paid just as little attention when a year or two later another dentist told him that "pink tooth brush" is often the first step toward gingivitis or Vincent's disease—and may endanger the soundest teeth a man has.

Today—he's a Dental Cripple.

Massage of the gums has come to be recognized as just as important as cleaning the teeth. Modern soft foods do not exercise the gums, which tend to become flabby and tender. You yourself must do something about *keeping your gums firm and healthy.*

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana aids in speeding circulation through the gum tissues—aids in hardening the gums back to health. You won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush."

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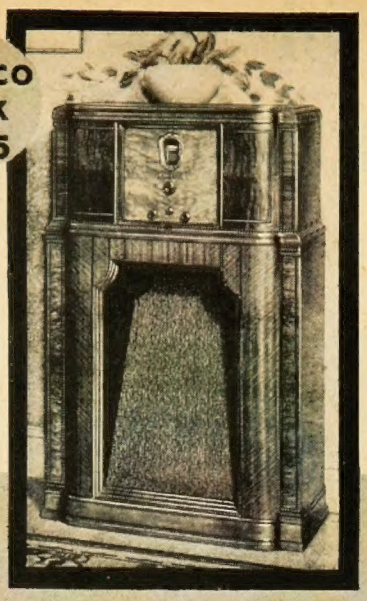

NRA

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— *say owners everywhere!*

From all over the country enthusiastic letters are pouring in. Letters that tell of Berlin rolling in as plainly, understandably, *enjoyably* as a local station. Other letters tell of 16X owners who set their watches by the chimes of Big Ben in London. Still others tell of hearing the great Australian stations at Melbourne and Sydney!

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Go to the nearest PHILCO dealer. See and hear the 16X — or the 16 chassis in any of its varied and attractive cabinets.

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Cover by Gaspano Ricca

In This Issue

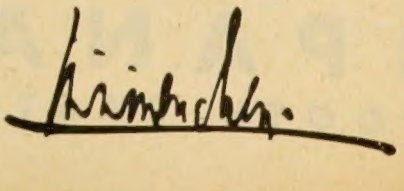
LIBERTY takes pleasure in presenting Mr. Mencken as a contributor to its pages. He is the Bad Boy of American literature, but he says what he thinks. His long editorship of The American Mercury (which he recently resigned) and his many critical essays on our manners and customs and ways of doing things have made him a distinguished figure.

The article herewith is the first of a series, to be done in Mr. Mencken's characteristically dynamic vein. His views are not always Liberty's views, and what he offers will be presented with no implication of editorial indorsement. He will be given free rein, and you may agree with him or not, as you like. You do not have to agree with him to enjoy him, or to find him provocative and stimulating.

The articles to come will appear as frequently as Mr. Mencken's industry permits. As to that, he bares his soul in a note to the editor:

Dear Editor: The word "series" rather palsies me. Only patriotism holds my natural laziness in check. All I can promise conscientiously is to do a piece for you whenever I snare an idea, and can pump up enough energy for the job.

Yours,



★ BEGINNING ★

A NOVEL of a LOVE DEEPER than the SEA

Destroyer

(Reading time: 26 minutes 3 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE GIRL AT BROTHER CHENG'S

MY new life began that first evening in Manila. Dennis had taunted me, saying: "I suppose you'll be dating a girl in the navy crowd and dancing with her at the A.-N. Club." I was ashamed to tell Dennis how the idea revolted me. We had known each other only a few hours. I had arrived in Manila that morning to join the U. S. S. Spearman as gunnery officer. So I stood there trying to be casual and worldly, and I said, "Oh, yes; I suppose I shall." But Dennis had seen through me with one glance. He smiled and said:

BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

"You don't want to do that. You want some real look-see."

I had not been prepared to find a shipmate like Dennis in the U. S. S. Spearman. The ship had a bad name among destroyer officers back home.

"If you want the real thing," Dennis had said, "I'll give you a note to Brother Cheng."

Brother Cheng, so Dennis told me, was a renegade Buddhist priest who kept the oddest restaurant in the city. He served a wine made from flowers and named Children's Laughter, curried chicken which outdid the Raffles Hotel chef in Singapore, and rice cakes uplifting to the soul.

"You'll have to take another hunger to Brother Cheng, though," Dennis said, his eyes strange, "and if the old boy doesn't find it when he looks at you, he'll say, 'Your heart is fat. Good evening.' If he says that, bow and leave quietly."

"Walk down the Calle Limahong until you come to an old wooden building with teakwood shutters," Dennis had instructed. "Just beyond is a little passageway hung with stone beads. Be careful you don't step on the turtles. The door is about twenty steps back. You won't notice it in the wall, but there is a brass griffin on a pedestal. Give its head a twist and send in the note."

My heart was troubled and humble and hungry for the nameless something I had resolved to find when I left the States, so I followed Dennis's directions.

"Tuan will peelease wait," said the Chinese who took my note.

"Mr. Joel Tiernan?"

"Y-yes."

Brother Cheng smiled. His smile had the understanding quality of Dennis's. I was obliged to look up at Brother Cheng, although I am a solid six feet.

"I am honored to welcome you," he said, his voice deep and almost without accent. He wore coolie trousers and shirt made of some brownish material like burlap. His features were Mongol in cast, I suppose, but to me Brother Cheng seemed to have no racial membership.

"Please be seated."

The room in which I found myself was small and square and beautifully paneled in black and red lacquer.

"I feel rather like an intruder," I said. "But Dennis spoke of you so warmly, and—well, he thought I should talk to you and—uh—I'm in rather a bad jam."

Then, because I did not want him to say "Your heart is fat," I made haste to utter: "It isn't the usual thing: not women or liquor or gambling or anything like that."

Brother Cheng saw my embarrassment, and to give me time he spoke conversationally: "Dennis Karnell was an excellent choice. I am always interested in young men who select him for a friend." Brother Cheng sighed, adding, "He has a difficult pitch, however." Casually he struck a silver gong at his side.

"That's Dennis exactly!" I exclaimed in delight.

"You would like such a pitch?"

"Yes."

BROTHER CHENG shook his head. "Perhaps," he said.

"I want a higher pitch than the one I have now, anyway," I said. "I know that much. It's—it's very difficult to explain what happened to me. I was at the Academy, on a battleship, at P. G. school. I decided I wanted money—a lot of money."

"A rich wife—yes."

"Oh, you know naval officers, don't you? Yes. That was it. I wanted one with a fortune in her own name. She must have at least two millions."

"Your parents were poor?"

"I didn't even have that excuse. My father is Captain Tiernan, retired. My mother is dead."

"Your plans succeeded?"

"Too well. She was an infant out of finishing school. She came to Annapolis to visit a midshipman brother. They were heirs to an oil fortune in Texas. Her uncle was a National Democratic Committeeman; the brother was engaged to an admiral's daughter."

"She liked the bargain?"

"That was the rottenest thing about it. She didn't think it a bargain. She imagined she loved me."

I stole a look at Brother Cheng. In desperate anxiety to get it finished, I plunged on:

"Knowing what a cad I was, I hurried matters to get it over with. It was what we call 'a whirlwind courtship.' Well—the wedding day was set. We were to be married at her uncle's home in Fort Worth. I was in debt for a ring and new uniforms—"

Brother Cheng stopped me:

"This girl—she had no young fancies?"

"They always have. But I consoled myself with the idea that I would keep up the sham always."

"You hesitated?"

"Only to the extent of supplying myself with six quarts of whisky before I got on the train at New York."

"The wedding did not take place?"

"How did you— No, it didn't. I got cockeyed drunk and stepped off the train at Paragould, Arkansas. I was drunk for eight days. It caused a filthy mess in the newspapers. Had I been a man, I'd have gone to Texas and let her uncle horsewhip me."

Brother Cheng sighed.

"No. The girl would have forgiven you, or married you to save her pride."

He was silent for a space.

"You are in still greater trouble," he said finally.

He nodded as if relieved by my unquestioning acceptance of his reasons for the ship's poor showing.

"Disgust—self-loathing—regret; perhaps rebellion."

"Right! The power of repentance has been vastly overrated, Brother Cheng. At first I was full of high resolves. But I had lost something. It's—well, it's like a white flame in the heart. It must be fed or it flickers out. That was what happened to me. And then, her folks were bitter. They wanted me punished. So I was ordered to the China Station. To the crummiest 'can' in the Asiatic Fleet. Life on a destroyer is hard enough at best. But when you haven't a taut ship, when the officers dislike each other and have to live in each other's vest pockets—well, I don't know if I can stick!"

He stepped close and put a hand on my shoulder.

"You love your country?"

I looked up. There was no use trying to hide one's heart from Brother Cheng.

"I don't know!" I blurted. "I have a sword. I've sworn to defend my country with my life. My father is an officer, and his father was before him. I don't know. Maybe it's only bitterness. I've lost something—zest, gusto, faith—I don't know!"

"It is the white flame you spoke of, my friend."

"I want it back. I know that."

Brother Cheng's voice came from a great distance: "I see a time of suffering for you, my young friend. But that is good. It is pain you require for cleansing."

"A new pain?"

"Yes. It is coming soon. We shall talk about it tonight, tomorrow, soon. You are my friend." He bowed. I extended my hand. He took it; his hand was rough with calluses. Then he said, smiling, "I forget that you are a guest in my house. Come. They are dining."

A BELL jangled as I arose. Brother Cheng's servant went to the door. A girl's voice, quick, excited, asked: "Is Brother Cheng at home?"

The servant stood aside.

"Oh—Brother Cheng! Will you talk to these men, please?" Then, in a low tone, "I want to know if they are honest."

Brother Cheng nodded, excusing himself with a bow and "Tick Kong will show you to your table."

I scarcely heard him. The girl and I were staring at each other.

"Surely I—I know you," she said.

"I know you too," I said stupidly. "But—I don't remember your name."

We searched each other's face in a moment that was breathless and warm and sweet. Despite her bizarre harum-scarum costume of silk jodhpurs, high-heeled slippers, and bathing-beach sweater, every detail of her appearance was unaccountably familiar. I saw in her face the same bewilderment.

"Would—would Aithra mean anything to you?"

I shook my head.

"My name is Joel Tiernan. Does that—"

"No. I never heard the name before."

"I never knew any one named Aithra."

We laughed together, both a little frightened.

"I seem to remember your eyes, your smile," she said. "It's all—very strange."

Brother Cheng walked through the doorway.

Aithra spoke: "We—we think we're old friends."

He looked from me to the girl and back again. I thought I detected a trace of sadness in the dark beams of his glance.

"Yes," said Brother Cheng; "it happens that way once in many thousand meetings."

"Won't you introduce us formally?" I asked.

Brother Cheng was displeased. The girl seemed to take his attitude for granted. She inquired matter-of-factly: "What became of Hsueh Liang and Ramnierrez? Did you—"

"I took the liberty of knocking their heads together and sending them away. This searching for sunken treasure ships is a foolish venture. I know the coast of Zamboanga very well. Your galleons lie five hundred fathoms deep."

"Hsueh Liang took soundings—"

"Girl peddler. Opium runner. Thief."

"How did you— Oh, he is?" Then she nodded. "I suppose you are right. I was a—a little hysterical when Ramnierrez came to see me. I was willing to do anything to— But there's no escape by that route."

Tick Kong, by some subtle prompting, said to me, "If the tuan will stap this way, peelease—"

I looked around Brother Cheng's shoulder and said, "Couldn't you join us at dinner?"

Our eyes met once more. I sent her this message: "Brother Cheng would like to keep us apart; but that is

impossible." Her answer came back in a code flicker of dark lashes: "I feel it, too. But I am afraid."

"Miss Aithra has an engagement," said Brother Cheng.

"Oh, yes; and I must be running along."

"I will see you to your car." Brother Cheng's voice was kindly but firm.

She went through the door as impetuously as she had entered. I waited, unperturbed. I knew quite definitely that this girl and I would meet again very soon. Whatever her story, however ran her destiny, it was also mine.

Brother Cheng returned presently.

"Let us go in to dinner," I said. "And while I am eating the best food in Manila please talk to me. Help me to face tomorrow."

Brother Cheng made no reply but this: his hand struck the silver gong. The sound that struggled forth was sad and confused, but a faint overtone emerged at last, subtle and fine and true.

I SAT at breakfast in the wardroom of the U. S. S. Spearman, Destroyer Number 459, Nineteenth Division, Squadron Eight, Asiatic Fleet. I was Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Joel Tiernan, gunnery officer, starting my first day of duty in a China Station "can." Already events of the night before seemed a little out of focus.

The deck beneath me moved with a rhythmic, rubbery heave. Harbor noises coming through the open ports of the wardroom belonged to ships and boats and the sea.

Four of the six officers who were to be my shipmates for many months sat at the mess table. Dennis had gone off somewhere for an early-morning swim, and Lieutenant Commander Leidig, the captain, was still ashore.

My brothers in arms had finished their first awkward probings, with handshakes, with tentative smiles, with too casual remarks which might sound out my opinions; and I, in return, had been trying to know them from a light in the eye, a tone in the voice, a frown or a nod.

I was not drawn to any of them as I had been drawn instantly to Dennis. I had endeavored not to be prejudiced, but the stories I had heard made me wary. These four had helped to give the Spearman a bad name among destroyers. The Spearman was my ship; already my

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

DECORATIONS BY
MONTE CREWS

"Yes," said Brother Cheng; "it happens that way once in many thousand meetings."

first resentment at being assigned to her was passing.

Lieutenant James Horus, the executive officer, sat at the head of the table. He was stowing away a huge helping of oatmeal in the wide gap beneath his close-cropped blond mustache. His face was a peculiar beef red, and his small eyes looked like knuckles of bone laid bare by slashes of a butcher's knife. Their pale blue pupils had faded smudgily into the whites.

Abruptly he began grunting questions at me between mouthfuls. Had I fired in one of the ships equipped with experimental twin mounted four-inch guns? Yes, I said.

How was the roll? Pretty bad, I said. After another gulp of oatmeal he said:

"I have a Bu. Ord. report on the Prestwick's firing. They had a broadside roll of thirty-eight and seven tenths degrees and two and one tenth seconds recovery at twenty knots. Does that check with your observations?"

I remembered Dennis's warning: "He's memorized every word in the Reg. Book and his fat head is stuffed with decimal points. He hounds the life out of Leidig with his petty stickling for detail."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Have you your firing notes?"

"Some of them, sir."

"I should like to see them sometime soon."

"I'll get them in shape."

Lieutenant Chenoweth's eyelids flickered. His handsome brown eyes appealed to me suddenly for alliance against Horus. He was first lieutenant of the ship. A pretty-boyish lad and a scamp ashore by all the signs. But we were almost friends in a twinkling; we both disliked Lieutenant Horus.

Ensign Starling was sitting with his long legs wrapped around one of the stanchions.

Lieutenant Dorne, a meek little Swede with hairy ears, who was the engineer officer, sat perched on the edge of his chair at the corner nearest the aft bulkhead door. He was in dirty dungarees and had scurried in like a mole to drink cups of coffee. He looked like Alice's dormouse. His long solemn nose twitched, and he had the habit of carrying his head with a decided list to starboard, as if listening perpetually to the sound of engines.

I felt mystified as to the trouble in the Spearman. There seemed to be no villain. Chenoweth might be a playboy ashore, and Starling a callow second-year ensign, and Dorne an eccentrically shy man; but that did not argue incompetence or, necessarily, lack of leadership. I credited Horus with a certain very real strength.

"Captain's gig, sir!"

Horus and Starling sprang up.

"Save it," Horus said to Felipe, the mess boy, stabbing a finger at his half-finished breakfast. Starling smoothed the wrinkles from his uniform. Horus led the way aft.

Chenoweth and I were alone.

"If the Old Man would get rid of that guy we'd have a ship! He broke the last Guns we had. Pearson, out of '26. Horus drove the poor fellow screwy. The division commander had to send him home."

"How did it happen?"

"WE fired a sour practice. Nothing went right. But it wasn't Clyde's fault. Horus was riding him night and day about reports. Blue, green, and yellow triplicates! Then, the morning we were to fire, Horus got the idea the Baby Ford was off decimal zero zero one in deflection. We all had the jitters. The men were drill-goofy."

"Didn't Captain Leidig try to sit on the lid?"

Chenoweth's eyes lighted with hero worship.

"He doesn't have to sit on lids. He's the best skipper in the service. If he'd been with us everything would have been O. K. But he got sick. His wound, you know. The one that got him the Congressional Medal."

"How does he get along with Horus?"

"He detests Horus. Every one knows it."

"I should think he'd—"

"The Old Man's too white, that's all. He knows Horus wants to make a command. Horus goes up next year. But the Old Man'll never be able to stand that guy—" Footsteps in the passageway interrupted us.

Lieutenant Commander Leidig entered the wardroom. We got to our feet.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, gentlemen."

I had reported to him formally the day before, but we had exchanged only a few polite sentences. Now he gave me a crisp direct scrutiny and said, "Mr. Tiernan, let's have a talk. At once." He walked to the door of his cabin with quick jerky strides. There he said over his shoulder, "Chenoweth! Mrs. Hatfield is giving a reception to the officers of the division. Manila Hotel. Four thirty. I should like every one to attend."

"Aye, aye, sir."

He plunged into his room, leaving the door open, and I followed him. "Bring a chair, please, Tiernan." He seated himself at his desk, and for a few moments pawed over a voluminous litter of messages and reports.

"Now, then—we've got to go into the gunnery situation. Has Mr. Horus taken it up with you?"

"Only in a general way, sir."

"OUR last firing was a washout. We needed overhaul. Couldn't get it. No money. Old guns, wiring system shot from vibration and water seepage—oh, a filthy mess. Then I was taken ill and Lieutenant Pearson went all to pieces. China nerves—poor devil. Captain Hatfield thought we ought to fire, so Horus and the gang had a go at it. Swabo!"

"Lieutenant Chenoweth said it was just one tough break after another, sir."

He nodded as if much relieved by my unquestioning acceptance of his reasons for the ship's poor showing.

"Hatfield understands our problem. A grand fellow. You'll meet him this afternoon. He's giving us another chance. We'll fire for the record—let's see—I had the exact date here somewhere. Oh, yes; October 8. That gives us a little more than a month." Then, with a smile that asked frankly for my friendship, "It means a lot of work, Tiernan, but I know you'll take hold."

His personal charm was enveloping me like light from some dangerous and unknown chemical ablaze. I began to understand why Chenoweth worshiped him. Yet he had not at first impressed me. He was of middle height and spare, almost gaunt, with abnormally broad shoulders. He carried himself a little too much like a West Pointer. I had thought him brusque.

He had very dark red hair, thick and worn a bit long. The morning was warm, and a sweaty band where his cap had pressed looked bloody. There were faded patches at either temple, a sort of singed and charred effect rather than natural graying. And although he could not have been more than forty, he seemed older, like a man who has unaccountably passed his prime. His forehead was high and wide, habitually troubled by small puckered frown marks running from the nose corners of his sandy brows. They were half wincing, half quizzical in expression. Life had hurt him, and he had given it some tenderness to be bruised. The thin ascetic modeling of his nose and delicate lines about his eyes suggested spiritual sensitivity. I thought the lower portion of his face not so fine. The mouth was large and thick-lipped, the chin weakened by a cleft, its forward thrust not quite convincing.

These contradictions were at war in his eyes. Dark brown in color, and large, they had at once a wide-open candor and a secret flinching. Something had brought him to a halt—had broken his stride and disrupted the sure, egotistical tempo of his best days.

"A month should be time

enough," I heard myself saying impulsively. "And I'll do my best, sir!"

"That's fine," he said. He arose and extended his hand. We shook warmly. He slapped me on the shoulder, saying: "I want you at the house soon. Want my wife to know you." I thanked him. He turned at once to his desk.

I almost stumbled, taking three steps to the door. Captain Leidig's hand had quivered as it gripped mine. I knew then that I was turning toward the solution of my ship's plight. It was all summed up in Leidig.

My ship reclaimed me at the moment I stepped on the awninged well deck. Gray, metallic, with a length of three hundred and ten feet and a beam only a tenth of that, she had a wicked sharp-prowed litheness. She was rising and falling in a gentle choppy swell, discontented with her anchor and tugging to be free. Off her starboard bow I saw three sister ships anchored in column. They were bright in the glaring tropic sun—commission pennants and signal flags like fresh flowers grown in the wind.

Enlisted men of the deck force were all about, busy with a dozen tasks. I felt their interested stares. "That must be the new Guns," they were thinking.

DENNIS and I had been talking. We had climbed to the fire-control station above the bridge.

"It is almost time for the four-o'clock boat," said Dennis. "Shall we pass up Mrs. Hatfield's tea fight?"

I shook my head.

"She wears our division commander's trousers, doesn't she? Young jayos must make character, Dennis."

I hadn't got Dennis fitted in his place in the U. S. S. Spearman, or in the service. He was two years my junior and we hadn't known each other at the Academy. His people lived in a small Illinois town, where his father was a doctor. He was a mystic, a delver in occult research; he seemed almost fanatically intent on a course of punishing self-discipline. That morning he had swum three miles to rebuke himself for having wanted to sleep a few minutes past his five-o'clock rising time.

"So you liked Brother Cheng?"

"Very much."

I had described my visit to Brother Cheng in detail up to the point where Aithra entered. I was afraid to tell Dennis about Aithra. I suspected he was a thoroughgoing ascetic where women were concerned, and I did not want to lie to him.

A motorboat engine roared directly below us. The captain's gig shot away from its boom. A signalman broke out the absentee pennant.

We looked after the gig in silence for a moment. Then I said abruptly:

"What's wrong with him, Dennis? What's wrong with this ship?"

A jerk of Dennis's shoulder drew me to the lee side, where our voices would not carry below. His face was grave.

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"It's a tragic thing and I shouldn't talk about it when I know so little. I was sent over here from the flagship only six weeks ago. Leidig asked Hatfield for an officer with a lot of torpedo experience. Unfortunately, they chose me. I have the experience all right, but I haven't fitted in with disciplinary conditions. I'm in a tough spot. The whole business is loaded with dynamite. You see, Hatfield and Leidig are bosom friends. Leidig saved a destroyer—the old Armstead—when he was an ensign and Hatfield the exec."

"And got the Congressional Medal."

"He deserved it. Threw himself on a depth bomb that had a jammed lug and knocked it overboard. Went over himself, but managed to grab a trailing line. Well, anyway, you can imagine how Hatfield stands in any matter affecting Leidig. Leidig was in the Point Honda disaster."

"Oh, I didn't know that. I thought most of those lads got the old navy bucket."

"A lot of them did. Leidig's record pulled him through."

"You think—it's a crack-up?"

Dennis scowled.

"The thing isn't as clean-cut as that. Leidig is a complex personality. It's been ten years since Honda, and he made a command by good work in between. The Spearman had no serious trouble until about nine months ago."

"Chenoweth blames it all on Horus."

"There's another riddle. This isn't a taut ship. It isn't taut because there are crossed wires in the wardroom, indecision on the bridge. Has any one told you about Pearson?"

I gave him Chenoweth's and Leidig's versions. He shook his head grimly.

"Both wrong. I knew Clyde Pearson. He got himself into a bad jam ashore. A cheap mestiza girl. He hadn't bothered his head about gunnery for weeks. Leidig was too tolerant, Horus too harsh, and between them they let Pearson fire a lousy practice. Somehow it all comes back to Leidig."

"Chenoweth is a pretty gay lad, isn't he?"

"Yes. And that's another thing. Leidig likes them that way. He was a fearful rounder himself. I understand that's all over since he married. It ought to be. A man who couldn't be faithful to a wife like Leidig's—"

A messenger appeared on the ladder from the bridge.

"Four-o'clock boat in ten minutes, sir."

Dennis and I hurried below to change into cits.

A SURPRISE awaited us at the Army-Navy Club landing. Horus was approached by a Filipino in chauffeur's livery who said, "Captain Leidig's compliments, sar. He say for me to drive you gentlemen to the hotel."

"All right, Ignacio!"

Horus led the way to a handsome limousine. I knew it was a scant three blocks across the Luneta to the Manila Hotel, but Leidig's gesture was accepted with alacrity.

We marched into the hall outside Mrs. Hatfield's apartment. An overflow crowd of officers and girls, holding sandwiches and iced-tea glasses, were gabbling industriously. We pushed our way through.

Leidig was standing near the door. He had been waiting for us, for he said, "Four thirty to the dot, Jim!" to Horus, and nodded welcomingly at the rest of us. Then he said to me, "This is old stuff to them, Tiernan. You come along with me. I want you to meet my wife."

"Thank you," I said. "I should like to very much."

He smiled, delighted and with a zealot fervor.

"You've heard about her, eh?"

"Yes." Then I added, "You have a great good fortune, I know."

"Too good! Almost too good to be true."

I envied him intolerably. I wanted a love like his.

"She's helping with the food. This way."

I LABORED after him, dodging elbows and backs and tea glasses. I was within a pace of her before I saw Mrs. Leidig.

"My dear—I want you to know Joel Tiernan. He's my new Guns."

I fought hard for composure. I was face to face with Aithra!

"Oh—how do you do?" she said. Then, after faltering an instant, "I'm so glad you've come to the ship. Jack is counting on you for great things."

Smiling impersonally, she turned to the half dozen women and girls around the serving table and began introductions. I marveled at her sang-froid, and then realized that she had been prepared for this moment.

She began to fill a plate with food. She wore a slim white afternoon frock, smart, studied, impeccable. Her lovely features seemed as perfect and as lifeless as a plaster cast. Only her eyes when I had first challenged them were the same. But now she was avoiding my stupefied stare and her voice was thrusting me away.

"There, now—is there anything else?"

"Thank you. This is fine. Thank you," I said.

Nodding, I turned and plunged into the crowd. I saw a doorway. I made for it in a rush, and I found myself on a small balcony. My first coherent thought was cynical: "You've been fetched by a bit of romantic nonsense, Joel me lad. You're not at Brother Cheng's, where anything can happen. You're at the Manila Hotel, where junior lieutenants do not imagine themselves in love with skippers' wives whom they have seen for three minutes in a Chinese restaurant."

I would find Mort Chenoweth and have him introduce me to a girl. She need not be a good girl.

I wheeled toward the door.

"Joel—I have but a moment," Aithra said quickly, breathlessly. "I had to say something to you. I—I—don't know the words—quite."

"I don't either," I said, sulky.

"But we *must* talk."

"Some place—some place on a beach."

"Yes. Malabar. Rieni's. Dennis will tell you."

"When?"

"Tomorrow. In daylight. Say—five o'clock?"

"Yes."

We looked at each other and we were frightened. We were going down the rapids.

Our glances parted reluctantly. With an effort she stiffened, turned, and was gone.

Is the love of Aithra and Joel imaginary or something real and deep and fine? What is it that she must tell him and are they and Captain Leidig to become the victims of an inscrutable fate? Read next week's installment of this stirring novel of one of life's greatest problems and learn how Aithra and Joel hope to escape the pitfalls of emotion into which they are drifting.

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The BRAIN TRUST

Will It Do Better Today than It Has in the Past?—An Eminent Idol-Smasher Sits and Wonders

By H. L. MENCKEN

(Reading time: 13 minutes 15 seconds.)

BRAIN TRUSTS are by no means new in the world. The French Revolution was launched by one, and Horace Walpole in 1791 was denouncing it as a " pack of pedants " in his letters to the Countess of Upper Ossory. He was a true Englishman, and had the immemorial British distrust of wiseacres.

There was another Brain Trust in the American Revolution, headed by Tom Paine, and George Washington put it to work for the patriot cause. Writing to Joseph Reed, his secretary, on April 1, 1776, he said he had once feared that his fellow citizens of Virginia cherished such a " steady attachment to royalty " that they would " come only reluctantly to the idea of independence," but that Paine's pamphlet, Common Sense, was " working a powerful change there in the minds of many men." This change went so far that the Virginians were presently flocking to Washington's standard, and five years later, as every schoolboy knows, they helped him finish Cornwallis on their own soil.

That the Russian Revolution was preceded by a Brain Trust is remembered by all, for one of its principal luminaries, Trotsky, is still alive and occasionally making the first pages, and another, Lenin, though dead, is handsomely embalmed in Moscow and on public exhibition. The Egyptians, who also embalmed their heroes, had a one-man Brain Trust about 1400 B. C. in the person of a pharaoh named Amenhotep IV, father-in-law of the celebrated Tutankhamen. Amenhotep undertook to reform not only the Egyptian economic system but also the Egyptian religion, which was much more than the professors at Washington have attempted so far. He had successors and imitators in Periclean Athens and in both republican and imperial Rome, as you will discover by examining the books.

It might even be said that the Jewish Law, as we have it in Deuteronomy, was the product of a Brain Trust, for it was not formulated by the ordinary Jewish lawmakers but by a committee of obscure intellectuals, whose names remain uncertain to this day. All we know is that King Josiah had great confidence in them, and that when they brought him the text of the Law he released it at once and issued orders that the Jews obey it forevermore.

The fate of Brain Trusts is usually sad and often tragic. The French brethren, once their revolution was under way, had to flee from the politicians who had lifted their ideas, and not a few of them were captured and had their heads cut off. Tom Paine, who had gone to France in 1792 to lend them a hand, narrowly escaped their own fate, and indeed served ten months in a French jail and was twice conditioned for the guillotine. On his return to America in 1802 he found that his services to the American Revolution were already forgotten, and he spent the last seven years of his life mostly on a wretched little place in New York State, borrowing money here and there, nursing a jug of moonshine, and howling against the ingratitude of republics. Washington had been his friend, but the other leaders of the time refused to have anything to do with him, and a century later he was denounced by Theodore Roosevelt as " that dirty little atheist."

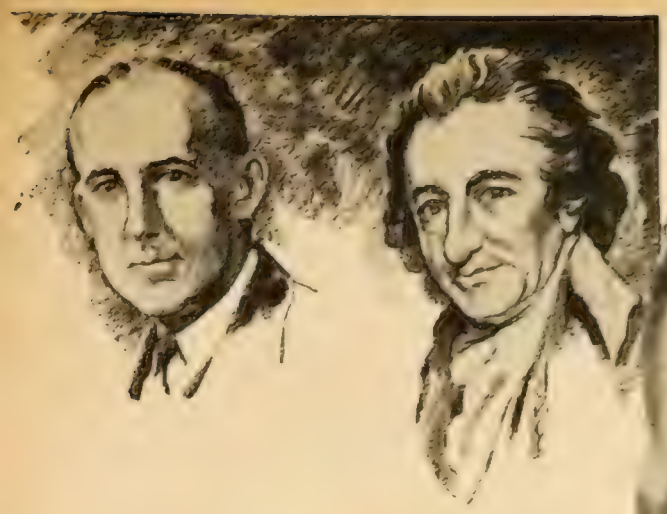
So with nearly all the rest. Amenhotep got into such difficulties that he nearly lost his throne, and his son-in-law Tutankhamen repudiated all his fine schemes after his death, and set up a Tory government which lasted in Egypt for a thousand years. The members of the Greek and Roman Brain Trusts, when they were not put to death, as Socrates was, were commonly sent to Asia Minor, a rough and unhealthy region in those days as in these.

Lenin seems to have been an exception to the general rule, but that is probably only because he died early, before the honeymoon of his Brain Trust was over. If he were alive today he would no doubt be in exile, as his partner Trotsky is, or reduced to editing a magazine for a living, as Dr. Raymond Moley is, or to lecturing against Darwinism, as William Jennings Bryan was, or to some other such lowly and ignominious avocation. Very few members of Brain Trusts have ever died, so to speak, with their brains on.

The reason for all this is not far to seek. The common people are all Englishmen in their distrust of those who claim to be wise. The moment a man lets it be known that he has more in his head than the general they begin to scrutinize him with sharp and bilious eyes, and if the chance ever offers—and it usually does, for he almost always does something foolish soon or late—they fall upon him with loud hallelujahs, and, in the vulgar phrase, tie a can to him.

That is precisely what happened to Socrates, unquestionably one of the most learned men who ever lived. There was nothing wrong, at bottom, with his scheme to lift up the Greeks; in fact, it is praised by many to this day. But he couldn't resist the temptation to add some mere smartness to it, and this smartness alarmed his customers and gave his enemies their chance, and he was soon calling for his last plate of ham and eggs in the death house at Athens. Tom Paine made the same mistake. Not content with knocking off King George, he undertook to knock off Christianity, and in an instant the mob was on him, yelling, like the lady boozer who rushed out of a London pub to assault an agnostic soapboxer, " This is the blighter that's tryin' to rob us of our bloody religion! "

Trotsky's error, though it differed somewhat from Socrates's and Paine's, was analogous. It issued out of the fact that he fancied himself as a philosopher, and liked to talk in hard words. For a while the Russian masses applauded him dutifully, no matter what he said, but in the course of time they got tired of his prissy



jargon, and began to long for simpler, easier stuff. It was supplied by the professional politicians, who could holler like wildcats without putting any burden on the higher cerebral centers, either their own or their hearers'. In so far as these professionals talked sense at all they borrowed it from Trotsky, but they left out his disquieting gabble about syllogisms, dialectics, and other such unintelligible and unpleasant things, and so they got the crowds. When Trotsky complained that they were distorting his ideas they replied that his ideas were insane and dangerous, and pretty soon the majority of Russians agreed with them, and Trotsky began his exile. He has been writing books and articles ever since, all of them recommended highly by the American intellectuals, but none of them read by the Russian common people.

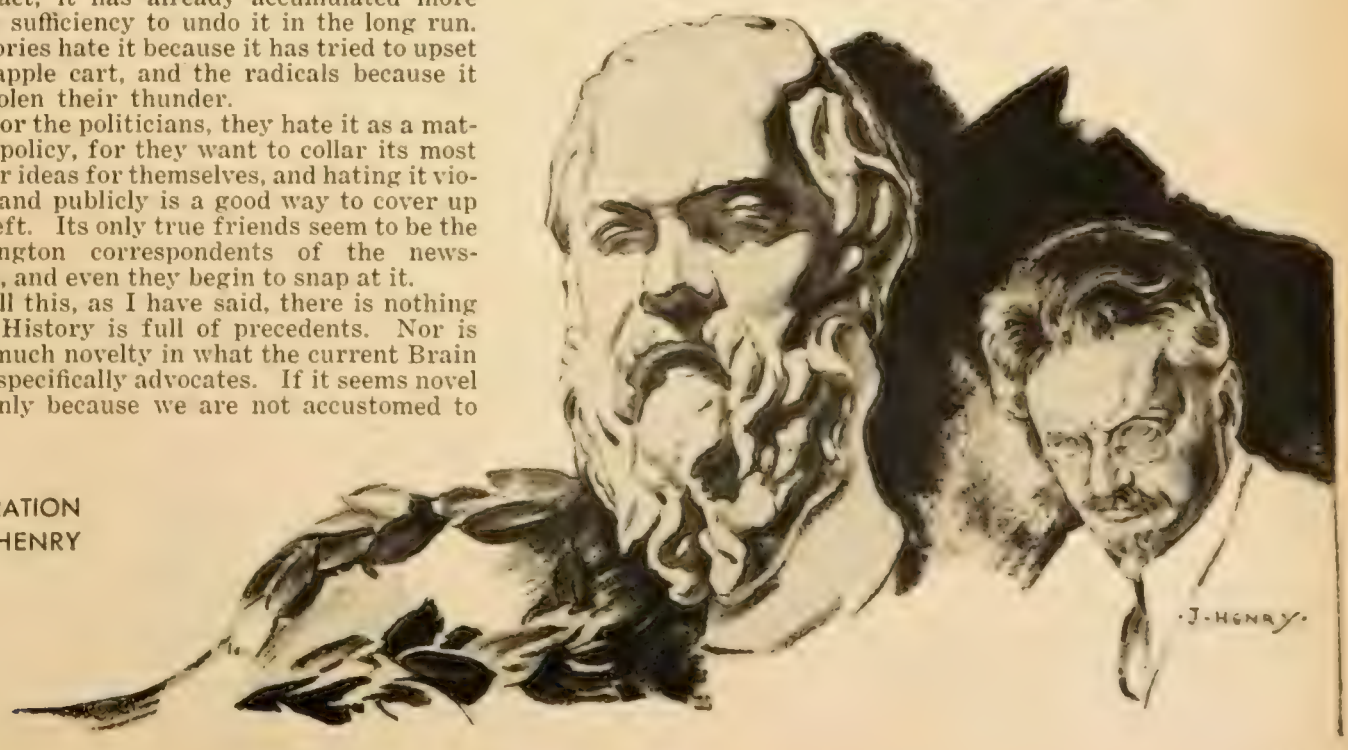
THUS the outlook is poor for the Brain Trust now under full steam at Washington, and I say so as one who wishes it well and has derived pleasure if not profit from its ministrations. That it will escape the actual guillotine is happily probable, for it has avoided the common error, so fatal to some of the Brain Trusts of the past, of setting up a guillotine for its critics. But that it will gradually accumulate unpopularity seems to be very likely —in fact, it has already accumulated more than a sufficiency to undo it in the long run. The Tories hate it because it has tried to upset their apple cart, and the radicals because it has stolen their thunder.

As for the politicians, they hate it as a matter of policy, for they want to collar its most popular ideas for themselves, and hating it violently and publicly is a good way to cover up the theft. Its only true friends seem to be the Washington correspondents of the newspapers, and even they begin to snap at it.

In all this, as I have said, there is nothing new. History is full of precedents. Nor is there much novelty in what the current Brain Trust specifically advocates. If it seems novel it is only because we are not accustomed to

Photo by Ray L. Jackson, N. B. C. Studio

This, says Mr. Mencken, is "the best mug ever made of me. Jackson's art has made a whole series of radio crooners, most of whom look like Middle-Western Congressmen in real life, as indeed I do myself."



DECORATION BY J. HENRY

hearing such things under respectable Washington date lines. But they have been preached from ten thousand soap boxes since the days of Amenhotep, and urged in the dialect of Trotsky by the New Republic and other such organs of the enlightened for years past. The New Deal, in brief, is almost as old as humanity.

Its essence, as Dr. Moley has so often explained, is simply a scheme (or maybe only a hope) to redistribute what remains of the national wealth, taking so much away from A and B, and spreading it out among C, D, E, F, and G. It is the theory that A and B, while the going was good, got rather more than their shares, and that C, D, E, F, and G got rather less. Whether this is true or not I do not pretend to say; it is enough to report what is charged and believed. The point is that the same shaking up of haves and have-nots has been undertaken over and over again in the history of the world by all sorts of reformers and according to the plans and specifications of an endless series of Brain Trusts.

The notion that the scheme was invented by the Russian Bolsheviki is as absurd as the notion that they invented the scheme of abolishing religion. Both have been common to revolutions since the dawn of history, and not only to revolutions by force but also to those by graph and dithyramb. Here in the United States we have gone through the process no less than four times in 134 years—first under Jefferson, then under Jackson, then under the Greenbackers of the '70s and early '80s, and then under Bryan.

The present attempt is thus the fifth, and there is precious little in it that was missing from its predecessors. In fact, it is a great deal more cautious and conservative than most of them, and is for that reason the first to get any considerable support from men of money. In the past these men of money always fought the current Brain Trust violently, and tried to get rid of it by assault, but this time not a few are content to bore from within.

What induces them to adopt that strategy, I suppose, is their conviction that in the long run they will be able to arrest the movement, and so preserve at least a substantial part of their money, and with it most of their old power and prestige. The idea that all men of money are incurably stupid has been overworked of late; in truth, some of them are just as capable of learning as any other class of men, and one of the things they have picked up since the war is a better understanding than they used to have of the natural history of revolution. Those among them who are really intelligent now see, as a plain fact of history, that the attempt to bring down the haves to the level of the have-nots (or to lift up the have-nots to the level of the haves) has always failed in the long run, though often it started off with what seemed to be brilliant chances of succeeding, and they are banking on the high probability that it will fail once more.

IF you point to its continuance in Russia in a very radical form for fifteen long years, they point to its quick collapse everywhere else, and argue with plenty of reason that it is not likely to do any better here than it has done in Italy, Germany, France, and England.

Indeed, they might also argue that there is no evidence before the house that it will last much longer in Russia. It got a good start there because the haves were few in number and almost incredibly witless—a single regiment of infantry might have rounded up all of them. Moreover, they had, taken together, very little mobile wealth, and seizing it was thus no difficult matter.

But as the country gradually becomes self-sustaining and accumulates a larger and larger surplus, it will become increasingly difficult to keep enterprising fellows from coveting and cabbaging it, and once they get their hooks into it, shaking them off will become an extremely arduous job.

I do not question the good faith of the present bosses of the country, but despite that good faith it must be obvious that they are getting a great deal more of the national income, in values if not in money, than the common run of the people. All that is needed is for some of these altruists (or their heirs and assigns) to become converted, whether openly or confidentially, to enlightened self-interest. The moment that happens Russia will be a capitalist country again, no matter what it may call itself, and there will be just as sharp a division between the haves and the have-nots as there ever was in the United States.

The process of redistributing wealth is going on all the time and in all countries. What is more, it is constantly helped by the government, whatever its ostensible form, for one of the chief functions of government is to protect the have-nots from the too brutal exploitation of the haves. If it had not been for that interference, Jay Gould would have stolen not only the Erie but all the other railroads of the United States, and all the sound and conscientious bankers would have been run out of business in 1928 and 1929 by the Mitchells and Wiggins.

But though government may very easily put some curb upon the more hoggish and daring haves, it can never really abolish the inequality of wealth, for the moment it hobbles one gang of grabbers it gives an advantage to some other gang.

SOMETHING of the sort is now going on among us. The Brain Trust has devised a number of schemes for getting money away from the fellows who accumulated it during the Golden Age of Coolidge, and some of those schemes are working. Any man who hoarded gold has now been relieved of it, any man who piled up a bank deposit sees it reduced 40 per cent in value, and any man who laid in stocks or bonds or real estate is worth a great deal less than he was four years ago. But most of this wealth is not actually destroyed; it is simply scattered, and in a little while the business of collaring it will be in full blast again.

I don't know what the trick will be next time, but that a trick will be invented you may rest assured. Once the landlords had all the advantage, and then the merchants and manufacturers, and then the bankers; the next turn, for all I know, may be that of the bureaucracy, the college professors, the literati, or the police.

But there will be a turn. Some class or group of men, kept among the have-nots by the Old Deal, will be moved among the haves by the New.

Only one thing seems to me to be certain—that, whoever they are, they will not be thrifty saving persons of the sort who got on so well during the past couple of centuries. These emulators of Benjamin Franklin seldom made any large killings, but they got pretty good shares of whatever kind of prosperity was stirring, and they were generally praised. When I was a boy the schoolbooks spoke of thrift in the same tones they employed in speaking of honesty, and every child was encouraged to save money.

But all that is now changed. The Brain Trust teaches that the man who put a part of his earnings into what used to be called investments, and so prepared for old age and a rainy day, was really an antisocial fellow, comparable to a Wall Street gambler or a gunman, and that it is sound economics and good morals to take his money away from him today and give it to his neighbors who blew in everything they earned and then went into debt.

I have some doubt that this doctrine is really true, but that it is popular is plain enough. The human race, in fact, detests thrift, as it detests intelligence. The man who accumulates more than he needs and saves the surplus is disliked by all who either can't or won't follow his example, and that means by the great majority of his fellow men.

His program shames them, and they resent it. Thus he is an easy mark for theorists and politicians alike, and, as I have said, human history is largely a record of successive attempts to empty him—always carried on, of course, to the tune of moral outcries.

It is argued that the way to make everybody prosperous and happy is to get rid of him. But so far the process of getting rid of him has proved to be extremely difficult, if not downright impossible, and I see no reason to believe that it will work much better hereafter. His name and identity may be changed, but the man himself will remain. He has outlived a thousand Brain Trusts, and in all probability he will outlive a few more.

THE END

"Girls who know this secret always win out"

says Irene Dunne

1

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION.

RKO-RADIO STAR

2

NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.

3

IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT—YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . so easy to try . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin. Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings.

Precious Elements in this Soap—*Scientists say:*

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

For EVERY Type of Skin... *dry...oily...in-between*

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

On One Whee

He came down, his wheels three feet off the sand, with the racing automobile ten feet in front of the wing.

A Revolution, a Girl, and a Perilous Landing — What They Can Do to a Young Man's Heart

(Reading time: 25 min. 31 sec.)

THE lobby of the hotel in Havana was pleasant enough, but after two days of confinement, either in it or in his north room, Allan Dennis was sick of the place. But to all practical purposes he was a prisoner here.

He thought of trying one of those dynamic drinks, a Planter's Punch. But Struthers might blow in here just then with the pictures. This was, Allan Dennis believed, the dullest assignment he ever had had.

Yet it might easily turn into the wildest, he knew. He was here in the midst of a tense political brawl which probably would end in a revolution, with blood everywhere.

The lobby was filled with constantly moving, talking, and changing men. Allan Dennis saw a round-faced individual, swarthy and beaded with perspiration, come in with two bodyguards. One of the cabinet, he knew from having seen the man's pictures. One of the grafters who had pillaged this little island! He despised men of that type.

He finally decided to get out some letters, and arose and went leisurely toward the little alcove where desks were available. He was a lithe young man of twenty-six or a little more. His eyes were gray. He wore a dark suit because he had brought no other along. The last hat he had owned had blown out of the window two thousand feet over Niagara three years before. His hair was a dark russet brown. He sat down at a desk where he could look down into the lobby. The Cubans down there were milling and talking; the cabinet member was gone. Every one was excited, almost yelling, with violent gesticulations. All he could make of it was the one word, over and over: "Machado."

Well, he'd write these letters and go get that drink. Discovering that the desk held no paper, he looked about for some.

As he did so, he saw her.

She was sitting, half facing him, two desks away. American, and lovely. A smooth, exquisite cheek—what he could see of it in the glow of her desk lamp. Brown hair. Her face was a mask of white, with lips and nose and one eye—the hat covered the other one—carved by an artist. As he watched he saw that her lips trembled. She bit the lower one against even white teeth. He saw one small tear start from her eye.

Her pen went on scratching. Then she looked up—straight in his eyes. Allan Dennis knew then that it had been done. He got up and took six quick steps to her side.

"Hello," he said. He felt hot and uncomfortable, but he had to go on. "Hello," he repeated. He stood without dignity three feet away and tried to get his tongue going properly.

"What I mean is, we're both Americans, and I'm down here too, and—"

"That's rather obvious, don't you think?" she returned when he paused, and went on with her writing. But her lips had ceased trembling.

"Of course," he admitted. "But I thought, with this revolution and everything—I thought maybe there was something—"

She stopped writing and looked up. "There isn't a thing," she said coolly. "I'm perfectly capable."

"Oh," he hastened, "of course you are. But an American girl in the midst of a revolution— I sat over there and watched you, and you were—you seemed to be crying, or something, and I was worried about you. I thought that Americans should kind of stick together, so I came over. I hope you don't think—"

The girl said, her voice not so hostile: "It's been rather terrifying. Are you getting away?"

Allan Dennis said eagerly: "Sometime. I'm down here with an S-41—that's a Sikorsky amphibian—waiting for a dumb guy named Struthers to finish some newsreel pictures of this brawl. I thought a while ago I'd never get out of here soon enough, or at all. Now I don't want to go—at least while you're here. I want to sit down and look at you for about ten years, or fifteen. You see—"

She was laughing, and her eyes had gold lights in them. When he paused, out of breath, she said, "You're really diverting. What should I see?"

"Well, you see—I never had wanted to know any one quite as much in my life. It's done that way sometimes, whether you know it or not. But look—what are you doing down here in this mess of a war?"

"Just at the moment I'm writing a letter."

He shrugged helplessly. "I'm not getting over." He wanted to ask her name.

"You're doing marvelously," she returned, and picked up her pen. "But I must write—"

"Wait," he said. "Wait just a minute. My name is Allan Dennis, and I'm with Krinkly Pictures—New York or wherever my order sheet says. Right now, as you see, in Havana. But that isn't the point. The point is, can't I sit up, right here, while you finish your letter, and then can't we talk? Don't you see what I mean?"

"Of course I see." The girl nodded. "But we couldn't

By
LELAND JAMIESON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HAROLD DENISON

talk long. I'm taking the plane north at two forty-five. You may sit as long as you like." Her pen started moving again.

Allan Dennis pulled up a chair and sat. She looked up once from her writing. He grinned quickly, and she smiled. Just enough so that Allan got an impression that something made her afraid.

Later on, when she had finished, she read the letter with a sort of tense concentration, sealed it in an envelope, and from the other side of the desk, near her foot, took up a black portfolio held shut by a shiny brass padlock. She unlocked it and inserted the letter in a little pocket on top. He caught a glimpse of an inner compartment in the black portfolio, with another brass lock.

Curiosity was suddenly burning him. Who was this girl, and what was she doing down here? What the devil could be in that case that required two padlocks? What had brought on her tears?

"HOW," he asked, when she started to rise, "are you going to get to the Muelle de Arsenal? It's a long way. You can't get a cab. Have you a car? You can't drive it. The strikers have thrown tacks all over the street.

"I had intended to walk," she said calmly.

"But wait!" he exclaimed. "I don't know your name yet, and I can't let you get away like this. I mean, I want to see more of you."

"You might take me to lunch. The American Club is quite near."

He was suddenly glum. "I can't leave the hotel. But we could get something here, possibly."

"Hiding?" she shot at him.

"I told you—I'm waiting for Struthers to get here with some newsreel film. Then I'm gone to New York as fast as two Wasps in an S-41 can get me there. Just one landing for gas."

"Oh!" She glanced down at the bag. "I must not have been listening. "You're leaving today?"

"Just as soon as that mossback Struthers gets here with his shots. That's my job. I'm hired by Krinkly

Allan was almost silent during their meal. Finally Dorothy asked: "Are you worrying?"

He pulled her away from the table, grabbed the little bag.

Pictures to fly their film back to New York when something like this breaks. When that film gets here, no matter what happens, I'll highball. I'll be in the big town by daylight or sooner—depends on when I get started."

She said: "This is interesting. Shall we have lunch?"

"Swell!" he exclaimed. When he stooped to pick up the black bag, she was quicker than he and tucked it securely under her arm.

At luncheon, sitting in an ancient stone patio with a tiny table between them, she kept the bag between her feet.

Her name was Dorothy Hale, and two years ago, she related, she had come down from Evanston to take a place with the Gerreros. She had been here since, and now she was going to New York and then home.

Gerrero—Gerrero. That was one of the war lords. The terrorist. His name was as familiar a word as Machado or Jiminez, and just as much hated.

ALLAN said anxiously, "You're not coming back—you're quitting, I hope."

She had been studying him furtively.

"Can you take passengers with you on this trip to New York?" she asked abruptly. "You see"—she halted, as if debating whether or not to go on—"you see, I *must* get to New York, and I've been trying all morning to make reservations on the Clipper, but the telephones won't work and I can't get any one. With all the trouble down here, I'm so afraid the plane is already full. I must get away. I'd be so grateful if you'd sell me a ticket to go through with you. Could you do that?"

"No sale," he said shortly—and added: "I was about to invite you. I don't even carry a co-pilot, and the plane will seat eight. I'm all by myself. I was trying to figure out how to say it so you couldn't refuse."

"Really, I'd like it much better, paying you. It *is* rather difficult, being alone, with every one shooting."

They laughed, and Allan Dennis felt he had known her for years. There was something between them, intangible, strong. "You're a swell kid," he declared. "I don't see how you could work for Gerrero. Don't you know what he is?"

She regarded him soberly, as if not fully comprehending his meaning. "I don't think—" she began, then sat rigid, listening.

The ragged staccato of machine guns came from the direction of the palace, two blocks away. From here, by standing, they had almost an unobstructed view of the scene. Dorothy Hale cried, "They're fighting! Hear the guns? They're—they're *killing* people down there! See them running—oh, how horrible!"

She sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"That's your Gerrero," Allan Dennis declared. "Listen here—"

A bullet went *flick* against the stone wall over their heads. Allan forgot Gerrero. Dorothy Hale might be hit by the next one. He pulled her away from the table, grabbed up the little black bag, and got her away. The lobby seemed safe enough, for the moment.

OUTSIDE, the firing stopped. The girl became calm, but she was still pale. Allan said, remembering that he wanted nothing so much as to get her away from here: "You'd better pack up your things. Struthers may blow in any time, and I'll have to get started the instant he does."

He watched her walk toward the desk. She was slender, and just tall enough. She had poise and charm. There was never any one, Allan reflected, anything like her.

She came back, minutes later, still carrying the little bag. A porter brought her luggage and put it in place in the lobby. She sat down beside Allan, and he suddenly asked:

"I must sound like a senator at a waterworks scandal investigation, mustn't I? But I'm curious to know what you've got in that bag."

She didn't answer him for a time. She looked at the floor and then into his eyes. "Would you mind telling me," she returned, "why you are taking me under your wing? Why you won't even let me pay for my trip to New York?"

He tamped a cigarette. "I don't know," he said at last honestly. "I just liked you. You seemed so—well, all by yourself, and there was so much hell being raised all around. I wanted to help you, if possible. When I looked at you I just went down for the count, and that's all there is to it."

"But," she returned calmly enough, "you don't even know me. I can't for the world see why you should—"

"Why worry about what made me do it? I knew I was going to when I first saw you sitting there."

There was a long heavy silence. Finally she said in a softly hushed voice: "You're too nice. Now I don't feel so utterly alone or so frightened. You see"—she paused for an instant—"I'm trying to get out of Cuba. I have half a million dollars in this bag which belongs to the people I work for. They're going into exile, and without it they'll be pitifully poverty-stricken. My job is to get it to New York for them, to a bank. It's all in the world they have."

She was helping Gerrero get his loot out of the country! It seemed too completely fantastic.

A voice boomed across the lobby, the familiar voice of bald, loose-jointed Struthers. Then the man was beside them.

"The scoop of the century!" he exclaimed. "Boy, what a scene—machine guns mowing down the plain honest citizens in front of their Capitol. Blood. Men falling like duck pins. Even got it in sound! Sound, Dennis! Shrieks *(Continued on page twenty-four)*

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(Continued from page twenty-two) of the dying—officers bellowing orders. God, this will throw them out in the aisles!" He thrust out to Dennis a round metal case. "Tell Jenkins I'm staying on here. There's going to be more—man, plenty more! You highball and get back before they blow up the palace. I'll get the whole show when it happens. Now get along, man!"

This, now, was Allan Dennis's job: get out to the airport, get into the air, pound over the strip of blue sea to Florida, check in with the customs, and then grind through the night till the glow of New York came up under the nose. There was a glamour in it, a romance which to him had never grown old. A race against time, weather, human and inhuman obstacles.

"O. K.," he said. "Miss Hale, may I present Mr. Struthers? Miss Hale ought to be news. She's making off with the boodle for the war lord Gerrero. I'm helping her. After all, she's not safe down here with a great wad of jack under her arm. See you, Struthers. So long! Miss Hale, we'd better get going."

He didn't know why he did it. He was disappointed that she should be involved in this business, and his resentment had flared. Her blue eyes were blazing as he helped her into the car. She said nothing as he got in, merely tucked the black bag under her knees against the seat cushion, and sat rigid, remote.

"This car," he said in an impersonal tone, "is another of Struthers's unbelievable feats. Where he got it nobody will ever know. But it will get us to Aeropuerto Machado in spite of the tacks. See the tacks? Out there on the front of each fender is a unique arrangement of brooms and mops and one thing and another to sweep off the litter from in front of the wheels. All right, Don Quixote," he said to the driver, "let's shake a leg. You know where to go?"

"*Si, señor!*" the Cuban replied.

They rode slowly past the Capitol building, where soldiers and police were cleaning up the human débris from the massacre. They were stopped by a burly officer who put questions in explosive Spanish. But another of Struthers's miracles—the police pass he had obtained for such an emergency—got them through. Passing Fraternidad Park, Dorothy Hale asked icily:

"If you've changed your opinion of me, why didn't you leave me behind?"

Allan shrugged, scarcely perceptibly. "After all, I invited you. And you're still an American. But why pull a Cuban's chestnuts out of the fire? Especially a girl like you?"

She started to make some reply, but the driver exploded then in a wild flood of Spanish. He whirled the car off Monte to Rastro, then across Belascoain to Nueva del Pilar, all the time talking furiously. Finally they were rocketing along at fifty or better. Dennis understood not a word. His Spanish was of the dictionary variety.

"HE said," Dorothy Hale explained, holding on to a top brace with one hand and to the black bag with the other, "that rioters were gathered around the market, which was just ahead when we turned off Monte. He says he thinks somebody is chasing us, and he is terribly frightened."

"He drives like it!" Dennis declared, looking back.

They got on to Monte again at the intersection of Avenue de Menocal, and continued southwest at this lurching breakneck pace. The airport was just ahead when they slowed. Dennis led the way into the office of the Compañia Nacional Cubana de Aviación.

His Sikorsky was being housed by this company. Now he sought the manager, an American, Alex Varney.

Varney was worried sick. The Sikorsky, he explained, had been wrecked the afternoon before by a rioting mob.

"Wrecked?" Dennis cried frantically. "But Lord, Alex, I've got pictures to get to New York! I've got to get out of here. You'll have to get me another plane—of some kind!"

Varney, short and wiry, led the way to the window. Soldiers were spaced at intervals, guarding the hangar. A sprinkling of the rioters of yesterday were in a line behind them.

"My co-pilots have struck," Varney said. "The only reason the soldiers are here is because I'm supposed to fly Machado to Nassau as soon as he can get off this volcano. I can't give you my own Sikorsky. The army has promised safe-conduct, but these soldiers have got this place under martial law. Have you a military pass? Without one you'll not get away."

"Listen, guy!" Dennis snorted. "I don't have a military pass. If there's a flyable airplane in that hangar, I want it! I'll start it inside, and at the right time you open the doors. We'll get in the back way. I'll be gone so damn' fast they won't even see me."

Varney grinned. "I've got a Challenger Robin in there, with ninety gallons of gas. My personal plane. Don't break it up."

"Check! Let's get going." He turned to the girl, and led her aside. "I don't think you better try this. Shooting, you know. I'll turn you over to Alex. He's married; has a nice place out of town. You'll be safer there than anywhere I know of in Havana."

"You won't let me go?" Her gaze was level.

"I—well, I don't think you should. It may be rather dangerous."

"More for me than for you?"

"Twice as much. You might be shot. I might be shot and the plane would crash and kill you. Don't you see?"

She nodded. "If you're going to go, I don't mind the danger."

He turned back to Alex. With her between them, the little black bag under her arm, they went in the small back door of the hangar. The Robin, in one corner, was a small single-motor affair, a monoplane, slow but fairly reliable. The problem was to get it away without being shot down.

THEY refilled the gas tanks with gas left in the other wrecked planes, and moved these wrecks out of the way. Varney personally brought the luggage and put it aboard. A mechanic swung the propeller, and after three efforts and much priming the engine "took" with a deafening thunder.

For five minutes Dennis let it idle. Varney, who had now gone to the front of the building, had told Dennis he would throw open the doors as a signal to give the engine the gun. When he did this now, when the first streak of light appeared suddenly, Dennis was totally unprepared. The engine was not warm enough for the take-off. Varney, of course, knew this perfectly well. But there were the doors going open.

Then the reason was clear. A squad of soldiers were running across the apron, headed for the hangar. Allan Dennis yelled over his shoulder, "Hold on!" He blasted the gun and the exhaust burst into a cannonade.

On this hard smooth floor the plane accelerated amazingly. It got to the doors before they were quite open, slipped through the space with a foot on each side of the wing tips, and almost ran down the troops on the ramp. The soldiers ducked, and before they could whirl and bring up their guns the Robin had gone fully a hundred yards down the runway. The dust in their eyes was no help in shooting. The plane got away.

It crawled into the air slowly, after a few tentative bounds, heavy with its great load of gas. It was well toward the end of the field, accelerating nicely at six or eight feet, with the nose almost down, when—without warning—the engine dropped off three hundred revs. One cylinder cut out completely. Fouled plugs, Dennis knew. But there wasn't a thing he could do.

He was unable to turn back into the field, and unable to land before reaching the end of the runway. From eighty miles an hour the air speed fell to seventy, to sixty-five, with Dennis hauling the nose up so they could still fly at all.

"Brace yourself!" he shouted. "Going to take down the fence!"

A heavy band of steel wire, like the retaining fences used on bad turns of a highway, reaches across the end of Machado airport. It is not high, and is therefore no obstacle for ordinary take-offs and landings. But this was no ordinary take-off, and in this case the fence was too high. *(Continued on page twenty-six)*

☆ WHAT MAKES A GOOD JULEP? ☆

CONNOISSEURS may argue heatedly on whether or not the mint in a julep should be crushed.

But on one point they agree: that the whiskey that goes into the julep must be fine, mellow whiskey.

Here are two whiskies that connoisseurs have favored for years—not only in mixed drinks, but "straight" as well.

One is Paul Jones, which was first produced by Colonel Paul Jones 'way back in 1865, and from which the famous "Paul Jones" square-dance took its name. The other is Antique, known during prohibition as the finest of all medicinal whiskies.

Both are products of Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization, and one of the very few distilleries which operated under government license during prohibition.

The exclusive Frankfort Pack is your protection

The Frankfort whiskies shown here come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible. This carton, *used only by Frankfort,* is your assurance that the whiskey you buy is the fine, pure liquor placed in the bottle by the distiller at his bottling plant.

In addition to Paul Jones and Antique, Frankfort offers these other fine brands: Four Roses, Broad Ripple, Meadville, Mattingly & Moore, Old Baker and Old Oscar Pepper. All of these whiskies are bottled only in full measure packages. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated. Louisville and Baltimore.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

(Continued from page twenty-four) The plane struck it solidly with both wheels—more with the left than with the right, for that wing was down just a little. Distinctly Dennis felt something give way; there was an audible snap of metal. The plane went through the fence, slowing dangerously. The nose tried to go down, but Dennis already had the stick in his stomach. Another foot would have crashed them, but somehow he avoided losing that foot, and wabbled out across the uneven ground while the engine labored to pick up speed.

Dennis, unconsciously holding his breath with steel-diaphragm muscles, thought it would sink to the ground at the next turn of the prop. Now, past the fence, a landing was out of the question. He couldn't go on, for the village was dead ahead, its buildings too high to get over. So he made a slow dangerous turn, almost flat, and finally was flying north toward the channel.

The engine, now normally hot, gradually picked up its power. The bad cylinder fired once, was silent, then shot again. Spasmodically, erratically, it began to come in. Then, as the spark plugs finally burned clean, it went at its job. Allan Dennis remembered to breathe.

He looked over his shoulder. "Scared?" he bellowed at Dorothy Hale.

She shook her head. "No—should I be? Is anything wrong?"

To himself he replied, "You don't know the half of it!" and began an inspection to discover the damage.

The wheels were all right, evidently. The left one seemed normal but—Allan's heart crept up in his throat when he made the discovery.

The left axle strut had been torn out of the cluster fitting under the fuselage, and the axle had turned until the broken stub was three inches below the level of the bottom of the wheels. Evidently the bolt through the axle under the vertical shock strut had sheared, letting the axle revolve in its bushing. With the strut in this position, when he came within three inches of the ground that axle stub would trip him and flip the plane on its back instantly. Straight over, where the motor would come back in his lap if the motor mount telescoped. A crack-up in any case, and a crash possibly—probably. There might be—fire. If a door jammed so they couldn't get out, or if one of them should be momentarily dazed—

Havana was a field of tiled roofs underneath now, with the blue, blue Atlantic beyond. Allan Dennis tensely considered the best thing to do. Get to Miami, and circle until he ran the gas out.

Lighten the weight and thus slow up the landing. Too, he could get rid of the fire hazard that way. But it would take almost eight hours to run the tanks dry. It was two o'clock now. He couldn't risk a night landing.

HE pounded on, out over the sea, holding an unerring course for Key West. He looked over his shoulder, and Dorothy Hale met his gaze. No need to frighten her now. He'd wait until just before landing to tell her.

Just how should he come in for the landing? Slip it, or mush in with the nose high, and hit hard? Slip it; he guessed that would be better. Get one wing far ahead in a wild skidding fishtail. Then when they rolled up they might not go over. The wing might take up the shock.

Key West was behind them. Dorothy Hale sat at ease, looking out over the white-crested sea. Slow as this plane was, they were making good time with a tail wind. Dennis kept thinking, visualizing just how he would do it.

The skyline of Miami was sliding up in the bay. He turned and motioned Dorothy forward.

"Landing-gear strut broke when I went through that fence." He tried to make his tone casual. "We're going to pile up. I don't know how badly. You'd better get all the cushions and get fixed back there. We'll be in Miami in ten or twelve minutes. Don't be afraid."

She stood tense a moment, looking past the engine at the white surf on Long Key. She gave his arm a brief pressure. "I'll try not to be. But I am! I can't help it. Aren't you at all?"

"Not exactly. I don't get scared until after things happen. Go back and sit down. Fix your belt tight. Get the cushions in front of you. Hold one in front of your face. Just precautions."

As he cut toward the west side of Miami he debated a water landing in the deep water offshore. Barracuda. He shook his head. He couldn't swim very well, and the wind was kicking up waves. He'd have to land well away from the shore to get water deep enough. He turned to the rear, his tanned face a mask, shouted: "All set?"

Dorothy Hale nodded.

He circled the field, so that attention might be drawn to the strut. An automobile presently raced from the hangar and down the windward side to the end of the runway. That, Dennis knew, was the crash crew, ready for business.

THE car brought up an idea. If he could keep the left wing up high enough he could keep the strut out of the ground. If he could get a car to maintain the plane's landing speed down the runway, and could jockey the Robin so as to put the left wing on the car top, he might keep the wing up. There was a bare chance of doing it. But not here. The field was too small.

Quickly he wrote out instructions. Seaboard Airlines, he knew, operated both this field and the one at Daytona. At Daytona was the world-famous speed course on the level straight beach. Eight miles of it, where he'd have plenty of time. This field could telephone Daytona, so everything would be ready. His instructions were very complete.

He dropped the note, tied to his handkerchief—saw a mechanic run out on the field and retrieve it. The mechanic waved. He clasped his hands together over his head and shook them. Allan Dennis swung north and, riding the wind, gradually climbed. He had plenty of gasoline. As he flew he explained to Dorothy Hale why he was going on and what he hoped now to do.

It didn't seem long. His mind was filled with intricate planning. Two hours had passed and Daytona was under the nose almost before he had figured it out. And down there on the beach, waving a flag, was a small clot of men beside a closed car. The beach had been cleared. Allan passed over them, waving; turned back, and eased off on the throttle. As he descended in a flat careful glide, he saw the car start out ahead of him, with one man on the running board to pass word to the driver. He didn't envy that driver, or the man standing there.

"Hang on!" he said over his shoulder. Dorothy smiled. But her face was pale.

He came down. With his wheels three feet off the sand, with the racing automobile ten feet in front of the wing, he jockeyed the throttle and slowly crept forward, easing into position. They were flashing over the sand at a full mile a minute or more. Any miscalculation now would throw the plane into the car, with the prop whirling, and probably kill all of them.

With the left wing held up with the aileron, he blasted the gun momentarily, shoving the stick forward enough to keep the nose down. In this delicate banked slanting position the wing came directly over the car. The man on the running board reached up for a strut, pulled the wing down. Allan clicked off the switches. The prop died as the right wheel sank to the sand, rolling smoothly.

NEXT WEEK—

IS ROOSEVELT GOING SOCIALIST?

By

Jay Franklin

Some say the New Deal is destroying democracy—A revealing look at the facts

MURDER IN THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

By

Ferrin Fraser

A strangely stirring story of modern times

Also stories and articles by Frazier Hunt—Dorothy Day—Samri Frikell—John J. McGraw—Whitman Chambers and others

The car gradually slowed. Two hundred yards down the beach it came to a stop.

It wouldn't take long to make the repairs, mechanics assured them. So, thinking of the thousand miles to New York still before them, they left the crew at work on the plane and walked down the beach to a restaurant. And as they paced together along the hard sand, Dorothy Hale said:

"I've tried three times to explain." She tapped the black bag under her arm. "This money belongs to Señora Gerrero and the children. There is no Señor Gerrero. Years ago, when there was, he was the brother of this so-called war lord you keep raving about. And the money isn't my job; I volunteered to take it to New York. As far as that part's concerned, you had more to do with it than I did!"

Allan Dennis had a gray pallor under his tan. When he stopped to hold a match for her cigarette his hands trembled. He laughed nervously, said: "Delayed shock. It always hits me after a crisis. I'm sorry I said what I did about you to Struthers. What does it matter why you were there?"

They went into the little café on the end of the pier.

THE tense hours of flight and the strain of the ending had reëstablished the bond between them. Yet Allan Dennis was almost silent during their meal, hidden behind a mask of brooding melancholy. Dorothy Hale watched him, studying him thoughtfully. He seemed normal enough now; his pallor was gone. But he still held a taciturn attitude.

Finally Dorothy asked: "Are you worrying?"

His voice came quickly, sounding the depths of him:

"I was thinking. I go everywhere, all the time. I was thinking"—he looked up and forced a fleeting wry smile—"you wouldn't care for my kind of life. You don't look like a—gypsy. I just feel—sort of empty." His voice trailed away.

Her eyes were round, intense and direct. Color had come to her cheeks. "Wouldn't that be simply a matter of adjustment? Why do you think I went to Havana?" She answered that for him. "Because I was tired of living in the same place year after year. I wanted—"

"You *do* like that kind of thing? Here one day, Seattle the next? A coast-to-coast dash on five minutes' notice?" His voice was excited. He had one of her hands between both of his, and his eyes were searching her face. "Dorothy, I—I love you. Will you do it?"

She smiled, and her blue eyes were suddenly starry.

"I'll go with you to Guam, if you need to go there— But, Allan—what's wrong? You're so frightfully pale again!"

"Delayed shock. It always gets me right after I've come through a crisis."

THE END

HALF the job of running a business today is to be in the right place at the right time.

The telephone puts you there. Often, it enables you to close the deal. At other times, it assures you of a definite personal interview; your out-of-town trip will not be wasted in case the man you want to see isn't available.

Every day, men like yourself find that "telephone first" is a time-saving and profit-making rule. *You* might handle some deal in this modern way . . . right now! Your telephone directory gives you Long Distance rates.

Some of your business can be handled at a substantial saving by telephoning "after hours." On many station-to-station calls, the rates after 7 P. M. are about 15% less than during the daytime. After 8:30 P. M. they are about 40% less. Thus, you can call about 200 miles for $1.05 during the daytime; 90 cents after 7 P. M.; 60 cents after 8:30 P. M.

Twelve Months in the White House

A Look Behind Historic Walls

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 13 minutes 35 seconds.)

SINCE March 4, 1933, almost every one I know has told me that I should keep a diary. This, I regret to say, I have not done. This is the first time I've put down on paper any of the kaleidoscopic impressions of the past year. Now a thousand different incidents rush into my mind at once, so perhaps I'd better go back to the first day of my family's arrival at the White House, March 4, 1933.

Our voluminous family was housed on one floor in a Washington hotel. My father's and mother's rooms were roped off, but of course many officials for the Inauguration were constantly being ushered in and out. To add to the general clamor, the children and grandchildren kept going back and forth with such questions as "What time must we be ready to start to church?" And, "What do we wear?" "When do we move to the White House?"

The sudden peace and quiet of the service at St. Thomas's Episcopal Church will, I think, be remembered by all of us in contrast to the quick series of events which took place during the rest of that day.

Crowds, crowds, crowds! An ocean of upturned faces in front of the Capitol steps.

The solemnity and complete quiet as Chief Justice Hughes administered the oath and father repeated it, word for word.

In almost immediate contrast to this, the hilarious holiday spirit of the six-hour Inaugural Parade. Following this, on what was left of our feet, we entered the White House as our home.

Between three or four thousand people seemed to enter at the same time. They had all been invited for the Inaugural tea, our first social event in the White House. The diplomatic corps were all present in brilliant official uniforms. The ladies wore new spring afternoon costumes, but many a warm winter coat was thrown over a new spring wrap, because the March winds had chosen this day to nip their hardest.

In the rush of crowded events, many people had not had time for any lunch, and we could hear grateful comments on the hot tea, ham sandwiches, and cakes. In order that every one might have a chance to have a refreshing cup of tea, my mother had arranged to have tea tables placed in almost every room downstairs—the East Room, the official dining room, the Red Room, and the Green Room. Again, in contrast to the grateful remarks, could be heard comments such as these, "Imagine, *ham* sandwiches for the Inauguration tea!" "I've never heard of having tea served in the *East* Room before!" "What, *paper* napkins in the White House?" The new First Lady had broken her first precedents!

The day by no means ended with this tea. As the last reception guests left, the family came into its own with a mad scramble: "Where are my bags?" "Which is my room?" "Is the children's supper ready?" And mother was warning us that we must be dressed on time for the large family buffet supper. We had to wear our most formal evening clothes because we were going to the Inaugural Ball later in the evening.

I almost missed the Inaugural Ball. As I was about to step into a car to follow my mother, I happened to hear Mrs. John C. Greenway, now the Congresswoman from Arizona, telling some one that she had no admission ticket for the ball. I blithely said, "Take mine. They'll let me in with mother." This naturally caused a little delay, and by the time we got to the Washington Auditorium my mother had already gone in. The attendant at the door absolutely refused to let me in without a ticket. I gave him my name. His retort was, "Sorry, lady—there's already been four other Mrs. Dalls got in this way tonight." I think I would have been arguing yet if the surging crowds behind me hadn't pushed so hard that I was literally catapulted into the hall.

We were told that over a half million people had come to Washington for the Inaugural celebrations. I was amused the other day, in reading some early Washington reminiscences, to come across a quotation from the weekly capital newspaper which described the inauguration of President James Monroe in 1817: "Such a concourse was never before seen in Washington, the number of persons present being estimated at from 5000 to 8000."

The next day pictures, books, and favorite pieces of our personal furniture arrived and were unpacked and arranged. Mother went through all the rooms on the second floor of the White House, carefully picking out, to be put away or into the more formal rooms, frail and antique pieces of furniture, and substituting comfortable chintz-covered chairs and sofas. The second floor of the White House belongs, by custom, to the President's family. After a few months, we feel a sense of being at home there.

My mother converted what had been a large bedroom into her private sitting room and workroom. Here she receives her personal friends and attends to her mail and does her writing. The west hall on the second floor, which is flooded with sunshine in the morning, is used for family breakfasts and for general informal family teas and gatherings. The main hall on the second floor

Drawing by HUBERT MATHIEU

Culver Service

Today and yesterday in the White House. A formal evening reception of the present season and (at left) one of seventy-five years ago, during Buchanan's Presidency, from a contemporary sketch.

is little used except for one of our favorite after-dinner pastimes, the showing of movies. The Oval Room on this floor is my father's private study. The walls are almost covered with his choicest naval prints and paintings. This room is typically masculine, with deep dark-red leather sofa and chairs and a huge fireplace, in front of which is spread a leopard skin. Another sitting room on this floor, where Cabinet meetings were once held, is now used occasionally for tea and, as there is a piano there, is very popular with the younger members of the family during the holiday seasons.

For informal entertaining at the White House there seems to be few very definite conventions of etiquette. There is one rule, however, which I've found a bit difficult to remember. The name of any guest coming at any time to the White House must be given in advance to one of the ushers. Occasionally an out-of-town friend has, for example, called me on the telephone, and I've said, "Come right on over. I'd love to see you!" Then she arrives and finds she must wait in one of the formal reception rooms on the first floor until I've been found for a personal verification.

Almost every day when mother is lunching at home she invites a few guests for the midday meal. These invitations are always given over the telephone. It has long been a rule in Washington that invitations to the White House must be accepted; there are, of course, exceptions to this rule, especially on informal occasions. For informal lunches, dinners, and Sunday-night suppers, guests gather in the little reception room known as the Red Room. They are introduced to each other by the head usher, and there they sit until the last one has arrived. Guests at the White House are punctilious about arriving on time.

The members of the family are then announced by the head usher and greet their friends before taking them into what is called the small dining room on the first floor.

CONVERSATIONS at these meals usually center around topics of current interest, and, thank goodness, every one seems to feel free to argue and express individual opinions with spirit. Women guests at luncheons wear anything from sport clothes to tailor-mades and simple silk frocks. Simple evening dresses are worn for informal dinners. For Sunday-night suppers the gentlemen wear business suits; my mother usually wears a tea gown, and the other ladies generally wear long-sleeved dinner dresses or afternoon costumes

There are also many tea guests at the White House. For informal teas on the second floor, ladies wear street clothes or simple silk ensembles. I understand that my mother has inaugurated a new type of afternoon teas. On the same afternoon she entertains at two teas! The first is held from four to five o'clock, and the guests are people who have paid calls at the White House. These include old friends and members of the official family. From five to six another group arrives—women who hold executive positions in the various departments of the government. This last group of teas is held to give these interesting women a chance to know each other and to

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IT PAYS to know something about colds! They are a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss.

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NRA

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

discuss the many interests they have in common. The teas are really open forums in which many of the vital issues of the day are the subjects of conversation.

To the formal reception teas are invited ladies of the diplomatic corps, the wives of members of the Cabinet, and of course visitors from out of town. Tea is served in the formal dining room. Here may be seen formal afternoon attire. At these teas my mother receives in the Red Room, and she is assisted by the wife of the Vice President and all of the Cabinet wives.

For this season at the White House five state dinners were scheduled—the Cabinet dinner, held November 16; the dinner to the Chief Justice and the Supreme Court, held December 14; the Diplomatic dinner, January 11; the Vice President's dinner, January 25; and the Speaker's dinner on February 6. For these dinners the ladies wear their most elaborate gowns and jewelry. Officers of the army and navy and the members of the diplomatic corps wear their colorful uniforms and decorations, while the rest of the gentlemen wear full-dress suits with white ties.

A series of formal evening receptions are also given during the winter. At both formal dinners and receptions either the Navy or the Marine band plays. At all formal gatherings at the White House it is a custom that no guest may leave until the President signifies that the party is at an end.

IN leisure time this winter I have been reading over some reminiscences of life in Washington, and to my surprise have discovered that present-day social activities in the White House are far more simple than in some earlier administrations.

It is interesting to note the evolution of the name of the White House. It was officially known as "the Palace." In President Monroe's time it was changed to "the President's House." I've noticed that much of the silver now used in the White House is marked "The President's House." The next name to be used was "the Executive Mansion." For many years, however, the name "the White House" had been used informally, but it was not until Theodore Roosevelt became President that it was officially adopted. He was the first to have it engraved on stationery.

Here's a rather fascinating commentary on the famous Dolly Madison's régime as First Lady: "From the first, Washington was invested with a courtly tone. . . . Mrs. Madison was approached as 'The Queen,' and the President's House was called 'The Palace.' . . . On New Year's Day, 1813, Mrs. Madison received in a robe of pink satin, trimmed elaborately with ermine, gold chains and clasps about her arms and wrists, and upon her head a white velvet and satin turban with a crescent in front and crowned with nodding ostrich plumes." (Quoted from an article in Harper's New Monthly Magazine, March, 1878.)

There is a story which I've read several times about the young and scintillating Mrs. Van Buren. She was regally beautiful, and, as the daughter-in-law of the widowed President Van Buren, acted as official hostess at the White House. After a honeymoon abroad, where she was received by many European courts, she returned to be hostess at her first levee at the White House. To the amazement of the long line of guests who entered, she was seated on a raised platform, impressively posed in an armchair. She wore a purple velvet dress with a long train, topped by three nodding plumes in her dark hair. A pendant on her forehead was held by a rope of pearls. Yes, she was criticized for her efforts to popularize court formality in the American environment!

THIS criticism did not deter the very young bride of President Tyler from attempting again to establish a court in the White House. A newspaper of that time reports: "We understand by private letter from a Washington Belle that the lovely Lady Presidentess is attended on reception days by twelve maids of honor, six on each side, all dressed alike; and that her serene loveliness receives on a raised platform, with a headdress formed of bugles and resembling a crown."

Here is another item which intrigued me: Mrs. James Monroe in 1817 spent one hundred dollars a night to light her drawing-room with wax candles.

Comparisons in White House menus of yesterday and today are equally fascinating. Here is the menu for the last state dinner given by President Grant:

Consommé Impérial — Bisque de Crevisse
Sherry
Woodcock Patties — Salmon
White Wine
Filet of Beef — Crawfish Pudding
Breast of Pheasant — Goose Livers — Roman Punch
Artichokes — Turkey
Champagne
Canvasback Duck — Warm Sweet Dish
Red Wine

I wonder if the guests by any chance went home hungry from the first official dinner given by my parents in the White House early this winter! For here is the menu for the Cabinet dinner:

Clear Soup with Whipped Cream
Thinsies
Ripe Olives — Stuffed Celery
Filet of Sea Trout
Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers
Roast Maryland Turkey
Green Beans — Creamed Cauliflower
Sweet Potatoes Casserole
Cranberry Jelly
Cream Cheese Balls and Pineapple Salad
Beaten Biscuit
Ice Cream with Rubyettes
Small Cakes — Coffee

I feel that all of my family are more than thankful that the spirit of these times permits great simplicity in the White House.

I have found in reading through a number of books that many very happy families have lived in the

White House in truly American fashion. There is also a precedent for working women in the White House! In 1845 Mrs. James Knox Polk was her husband's private secretary while he was President.

I don't believe I had been in the White House more than twice before March, 1933. Since then I've come to realize so fully how beautiful and dignified it is. One who lives there feels that within these walls history has been made and lives have been lived for the interests of a whole nation. I think that it is this sense which has made my mother repeat so often that she realizes that the White House in reality belongs to the American people and should typify true American hospitality. Since the White House is the official meeting ground for social life between representatives of nations of the world, it is reasonable that certain formal customs should be maintained.

I think almost every American family would feel as we do—that the experience of living in the White House is a great privilege. It is also a thoughtful responsibility, and the framers of our Constitution were indeed wise when they limited the tenure of office!

THIS recipe was recently tried for the first time at the White House:

ICE-BOX SIMPLICITY FRUIT CAKE

1½ cups seedless raisins
2 cups prunes
1 cup candied cherries, cut in quarters
½ cup finely cut citron
½ cup finely cut preserved orange peel
½ cup finely cut preserved lemon peel
1 cup orange juice, unstrained
1 cup walnut kernels, chopped fine
¾ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground allspice
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon rum, brandy, or vanilla extract
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
3 tablespoons cold water
2⅓ cups finely rolled Graham cracker crumbs for mix
⅔ cup finely rolled Graham cracker crumbs for pan
1 pint whipping cream

Wash raisins, drain, and slice with scissors. Wash prunes, boil in sufficient water to cover for 15 minutes, drain, and cut into small pieces. Combine raisins, prunes, cherries, citron, orange and lemon peels, orange juice, nut kernels, sugar, spices, and extract, and mix thoroughly. Let stand overnight. Heat fruit mixture; moisten gelatin in cold water and dissolve in hot fruit; cool. Whip cream until thick but not stiff, add fruit and 2⅓ cups cracker crumbs gradually and mix thoroughly. Rub sides, bottom, and tube of a tube cake pan (8 to 9 inches in size) with butter; sprinkle and pat one half of the remaining cracker crumbs over bottom, sides, and tube of pan. Pour in the cake mixture and press down evenly. Sprinkle remainder of crumbs over top of cake. Place in ice box overnight. When cake is unmolded a sufficient portion of the crumbs to form a crust will cling to the cake; surplus crumbs may be brushed away. Will keep on ice for several days.

Serves sixteen to eighteen.

THE END

Minute Movies that have happened to many

1 Jane meant to be the best kind of a wife. But she didn't realize the importance of the right kind of a breakfast.

2 And so, morning after morning, John went on *nervous* energy instead of *food* energy.

3 Then one day in a chance conversation . . . a friend said, "I know what cured my husband of morning nerves. A good hot dish of Quaker Oats."

4 And now the world seems like a different place to John. What a difference the right kind of food habits can make!

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IF you want your husband to conquer the morning see that he eats the right kind of a breakfast. Remember the finest possible breakfast—Quick Quaker* Oats—is also quicker and easier to prepare . . . It cooks done in 2½ minutes. And has that special zest tangy flavor that comes from roasting the rich plump oat kernels through ten different ovens. In addition the use of ultra violet rays makes Quaker* more nourishing than other oatmeals. Get Quaker* Oats for breakfast tomorrow morning and see how much easier mornings are for the entire family.

* Mother's Oats too are made by the same exclusive Quaker process.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Did Astor Find Ca

A TRUE Story Stranger Than Any Fiction—of Pirate Gold and the Birth of a Famous Fortune

By

ALLEN MARSH

(Reading time: 18 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN the 1890s an astounding claim to his vast estate was put before Colonel John Jacob Astor, the "Landlord of New York." He was told that his great-grandfather, the first John Jacob Astor, had founded the family fortune by means of—the long-sought treasure of Captain Kidd! And that, at the time, the rightful owner of the treasure had been an ancestor of the claimant!

Fantastic though this sounded, the claimant was the eminent landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, his lawyer was Senator William M. Evarts, and he had evidence to offer that Colonel Astor could not but find impressive. The gist of it, as related by Allen Marsh in Liberty last week, was the following:

Deer Isle, Maine, had belonged to the Olmsted family for generations. In 1892 Mr. Olmsted and his children discovered, in the clay that floored a cave on the island, a clear imprint of an iron box which had been buried there. Later he noticed that the eight figures constituting Captain William Kidd's cryptic message to his wife on the eve of his historic trial for piracy were almost identical with the figures of the cave's latitude and longitude. Thereupon Mr. Olmsted began research. He learned that a poor fur trader, Jacques Cartier by name, employed by the first John Jacob Astor, had suddenly become flush with money and had tried to buy the island, or the part of it where the cave was, from the then head of the Olmsted family. Cartier had lived on the island for a time, and after his departure scraps of paper bearing Astor's signature and a stipulation of "absolute secrecy" had been found in his cabin. What was more, Mr. Olmsted gained access to the records of Astor's bank deposits and discovered that in 1801 these had jumped suddenly from a yearly average of about $4,000 to half a million—also that in the same year Astor had paid Cartier $5,000, ten times as large a payment as he had ever made to him before.

Mr. Olmsted next traced and secured an iron box that had been sold with other rubbish to the wreckers of the last house in which the first John Jacob Astor had lived. This box fitted perfectly into the imprint in the cave—and the top of it bore the initials W. K.

Part Two—Lady Dunmore's Pearl Bracelets

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL case!" That is what the fourth John Jacob Astor had called Mr. Olmsted's claim.

And so it might have remained if the records of the Manhattan Company had not been just as explicit in regard to the young German fur trader's banking transactions with other individuals as they were in regard to his "settlement to date" with the Frenchman Jacques Cartier. Otherwise the five-thousand-dollar payment to the humble Astor employee might have been explained away on many grounds. And Astor's own sudden increase in deposits *might* have been accounted for by a remarkable season in fur.

But, fortunately for the eminent Mr. Olmsted and his painstaking effort to convert his circumstantial case into a legal one, the old bank's records talked a language so plain that the fur theory became, as Yakob himself would have said, "Noddings!"

This was, as a matter of fact, a favorite word of Mr. Astor's. In 1799, at the end of his fifteenth year in the new country, he found himself with a shopful of especially fine pelts for which there was but small market in the struggling American states: mink, marten, otter, silver fox.

"Vot do ve make of dem?" he would grumble to his wife, Sarah. "Noddings!"

It was because of his being able to make "noddings" at home out of this idle surplus that John Jacob took his first trip back to Europe. His second trip was undertaken apparently in the very year Jacques Cartier retired to alcoholic ease and the books of the Manhattan Company record various credits

ILLUSTRATION BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

t. Kidd's RICHES ?

ng sight Kidd must when he boarded the et at the head of insubordinate crew!

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on drafts remitted to him from one Roderick Streeter of London.

These drafts varied from ten thousand pounds to fifty thousand pounds. The total for the year was nearly $495,000, which with the normal $5,000 income from his fur business comprised the $500,000 with which his account was credited during the year.

During the next two years the Streeter drafts continued to appear on Mr. Astor's monthly deposit sheets until they reached an additional $800,000 or $1,300,000 in all, when they abruptly ceased.

Mr. Olmsted was naturally curious to find out who this mysterious Mr. Streeter might be who had suddenly begun to pay the modest little New York fur trader a fortune in installments of from $50,000 to $250,000 each, and then had disappeared from the Astor records, apparently forever. He was not wholly surprised to learn that Roderick Streeter was at that time head of the firm of Streeter & Company, which was then and still is one of the largest dealers in precious stones in the world.

Now, the original John Jacob Astor was not a likely man to have had transactions of any kind with dealers in precious stones. He was a very different type from his great-grandson and namesake, the sleek, almost dandified, cultured gentleman who received Mr. Olmsted and Senator Evarts in his New York City office.

An attempt has been made by the modern John Jacob's expatriated cousin, William Waldorf Astor, father-in-law of the present Lady Astor, to impute to the Astor line some semblance of inherited social position. But the John Jacob Astor who landed on American soil in 1784 with twenty-five dollars in money and seven flutes from his uncle's music store in London was—even counting the possibility of his having "inherited" the Kidd treasure—a self-made man.

HE may have been, as the socially ambitious William Waldorf said, descended by a long succession of Astors and Astorgs "from Pierre d'Astorg, Seigneur de Noaillac in Limousin, who could trace his lineage to Pedro d'Astorga, a knight of Castile, who fell at the taking of Jerusalem in 1100." But when he left Waldorf, or Wald Dorf, the Village in the Wood, he was plain Yakob Ashdour, the son of a none too prosperous German butcher, to whose trade he had been somewhat unwillingly apprenticed.

Yakob Ashdour, the German butcher boy, had learned to look on America as the land of opportunity. His brother, Heinrich, who came over with the Hessians, had done well. He had built up a first-class butcher business of his own, and had married a young woman of whom he habitually related that "Dolly vass der pink of der Powery." Yakob married quite as well—though perhaps not so glamorously—and financially did even better. His conduct and his record for the first fifteen years of his residence in America were the conduct and the record of many another industrious immigrant of German birth.

It was to this solid but not too affluent citizen of Manhattan that the French trader Jacques Cartier had presumably repaired in the year 1801 with the mysterious iron box which he had taken from the cave on the island owned by the ancestors of Frederick Law Olmsted.

What then occurred—the sudden transformation of this modest fur trader from a five-thousand-dollar-a-year to a five-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year man—is not so easily explained, even in a land of opportunity, on ordinary business grounds. There *have* been men in more recent American history who have made that jump in as short a time. In the middle 1920s they sometimes made it overnight! But in John Jacob Astor's time, when New York was described as "a snug, leafy town of 25,000 inhabitants," the thing just wasn't done.

MOREOVER, John Jacob's own leisurely though steady progress up to the year 1801 would seem to give the lie to the possibility of his having acquired any such sudden wealth through the ordinary commercial channels of that day.

When he opened his first place of business in his adopted country—having acquired a modicum of English, along with his seven flutes, while clerking for his uncle in London, and having served his time as a "paker's poy" peddling his employer's wares in the streets of New York—he had acquired also the name Astor. He was, however, still merely Jacob Astor, as can be seen from his first advertisement, which appeared in the New York Packet under date of May 22, 1786:

Jacob Astor, No. 81 Queen Street, Two doors from the Friends' Meeting House, has just imported from London an elegant assortment of musical instruments, such as Piano Fortes, spinnets, guitars; the best of violins, German flutes, clarinets, hautboys, fifes; the best Roman violin strings and all other kinds of strings; music boxes and paper, and every other article in the musical line, which he will dispose of for very low terms for cash.

Two years and a half later the young man's business progress, and to some extent his social progress, was attested by another advertisement in the same medium. Now he was, as you see:

JOHN JACOB ASTOR
At No. 81 Queen Street,
Next door but one to the Friends'
Meeting House,
Has for sale an assortment of
Piano Fortes of the Newest Construction, made by the best makers in
London, which he will sell at
reasonable terms.
He gives cash for all kinds of furs
And has for sale a quantity of Canada
Beavers and Beavering Coutts, Racoon Skins, and Racoon Blankets,
Muskrat Skins, etc., etc.

In the same year that this second advertisement appeared, 1789, John Jacob Astor made his first investment in New York real estate: two lots on Bowery Lane, for which he paid about six hundred and twenty-five dollars. From this small beginning—unless, as Mr. Olmsted was prepared to prove, it was later augmented by the lucky find of over a million dollars in buried treasure—sprang the Astor empire of four hundred and fifty millions. But it hadn't sprung very far in the succeeding ten years if we can judge by John Jacob's four-thousand-dollar deposits in 1799 and the fact that he took his first return trip to Europe that same year *in the steerage!*

It may have been a general refurbishing of his memory in regard to some of these facts concerning his famous ancestor which determined Colonel John Jacob Astor, Landlord of New York in the Gay Nineties, to listen so long and on the whole so patiently to the soft-spoken Mr. Olmsted. Anyhow, he did listen, not once but several times. And he said:

"Mr. Olmsted, you have done my family the honor to—what shall I say, inquire?—"

"Pry is the word," said Olmsted good-naturedly.

"Well, let us say inquire into our private records. Perhaps you have been able to learn more about these alleged Streeter drafts than you have so far told me."

"I have indeed, Mr. Astor. I know everything about them, including what they were issued for."

"And what *were* they issued for?"

Olmsted consulted his notes.

"The first item was for forty thousand pounds, and it was entered as 'Advance on ancient French and Spanish gold coins.' Another was for four thousand two hundred and thirteen pounds and eight shillings for 'Balance due for French and American gold coins.' All the other entries were for the sale of precious stones, mostly pearls, rubies, and diamonds. The grand total was, as I have said, in excess of one million three hundred thousand dollars."

"Entries on the books of the Manhattan Company?"

"No; on the books of Streeter & Company."

"You mean to say that any firm not a bank would have kept its books since 1800?"

"Not *any* firm, Mr. Astor, but any British firm!".

WHAT had happened was that when Mr. Olmsted found the record of those arresting drafts from London he immediately dispatched a letter to Mr. Edwin W. Streeter, head of the firm of Streeter & Company during the 1890s, and found, as he suspected, that the latter was the great-grandson of the Roderick Streeter with whom the original John Jacob had dealt and from whom he had received the vast remittances.

"Our business," wrote Mr. Streeter, "has been continued in the same family for five generations."

Encouraged by the London jeweler's interest and courtesy, Olmsted sent to London a confidential agent who succeeded in getting access to the books of the Streeter firm for the years in which he was interested; and in those books he found the detailed statement of all the mysterious transactions some few samples of which Mr. Olmsted had just now read to Mr. Astor.

There was now not the slightest doubt in Mr. Olmsted's mind that the great-grandfather of the modern Mr. Streeter, acting either as agent or direct purchaser, had received a vast quantity of ancient coins and precious stones from the great-grandfather of the modern John Jacob Astor, and had paid for them with the drafts, totaling thirteen hundred thousand dollars, of which the American bank had record.

"In short," summed up Mr. Olmsted, "the whole account corresponds, item for item, with the entries of the Streeter remittances on the books of the Manhattan Company in New York."

"All of which, even if it can be proved," said the stubborn Colonel, "does not show that the gold and jewels you say my great-grandfather sold were part of the booty of the notorious Captain Kidd. Even you couldn't prove that by Mr. Streeter's books, could you?"

"Not by his books—but by his correspondence."

"His correspondence with whom?"

"With John Jacob Astor."

HOW TO RELIEVE A COLD QUICK AS YOU CAUGHT IT

Neuritis and Sciatica That Follow Colds Eased at Once

1.
CALL OFF THAT PARTY TOMORROW, MARY—I'VE GOT AN AWFUL COLD WORSE, TERRIBLE NEURITIS IN MY SHOULDER WITH IT
DOCTOR JAMES SAYS THAT'S COMMON THIS YEAR.. BUT HE TOLD ME THE WAY TO RELIEVE THE WHOLE THING QUICK
2.
TAKE THESE 2 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS . . . AND DRINK THIS FULL GLASS OF WATER . . . WE'LL REPEAT THIS IN 2 HOURS
3.
A FEW MINUTES LATER
HOW DO YOU FEEL, JOHN, NOW?
SAY—THOSE PAINS FROM MY COLD ARE COMPLETELY GONE—FEEL MUCH BETTER —BAYER TABLETS CERTAINLY WORK FAST!
4.
. . . NEXT DAY
WELL, I SEE YOU'RE READY FOR THE PARTY — KNEW BAYER ASPIRIN WOULD FIX YOU UP!
FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE—NOT A SIGN OF A COLD OR AN ACHE LEFT—BELIEVE ME I'M A BAYER FAN FROM NOW ON!

Almost Instant Relief This Way

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds and the aches and pains that they bring with them.

It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. It eases at once the pains of neuritis or sciatica that often follow a cold and are especially common this winter. *An ordinary cold is often checked almost as quick as you caught it!*

That is because the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets are so made that they start working almost instantly.

You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin, drinking plenty of water and gargling with 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets crushed and dissolved in a third of a glass of water. Sore throat eases this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

CONSTIPATED After Her First Baby

Finds Relief Safe, All-Vegetable Way

She had given up hope of anything but partial relief until she learned of famous all-vegetable **NR** Tablets (Nature's Remedy). But now after years of chronic constipation and biliousness—what a change! New pep—new color and vitality—freedom from bowel sluggishness and intestinal poisons. This all-vegetable laxative gently stimulates the entire bowel, gives complete, thorough elimination. Get a 25c box. All druggists'.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk CO-59 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Healthful Vapors RELIEVE . .

ASTHMA

No waiting—Vapo-Cresolene acts *at once!* Soothes tortured breathing organs with antiseptic vapors that halt irritation. Permits undisturbed sleep. This remedy successful for over 53 years in treating Bronchial Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Whooping Cough, Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis. Choice of Lamp-Type or New Electric Vaporizer. Directions with every package. At all drug stores.

LAMP-TYPE VAPORIZER

Vapo-Cresolene

RELIEVES WHILE YOU SLEEP

FREE! *Valuable information on Relief of Respiratory Ills. Write for Booklet A-2.*

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

"On Famous Fountain Square"

THE GIBSON WELCOMES YOU TO CINCINNATI

One thousand rooms, each with bath, 70% of all rooms at $2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4. Five famous restaurants: Florentine Room, Roof Garden, Tea Room, Coffee Shop, and Sandwich Grill. Garage Door Service. Best location in city. Cincinnati's convention headquarters. HAZEN J. TITUS, Manager.

The Greater HOTEL GIBSON CINCINNATI

Mr. Olmsted was again searching among his papers. He was prepared to prove, step by step and photostat by photostat, every statement he made. Especially was he prepared for the question Mr. Astor had just put to him. The big thing that he knew he must prove was that it was John Jacob Astor, as he suspected, who had been the recipient of the stolen box and the beneficiary of its contents. And the only way he could do this was to show that Astor had actually come into personal possession of gems or coins which were part of the treasure obtained by Captain Kidd in the five short years preceding his hanging in 1701.

To this most difficult part of his long job he had given his closest attention.

"You are familiar, I suppose, with Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the late Lady Dunmore?" he began.

"I can't say that I am," replied Colonel Astor.

"It is in the collection of Mr. Hall McCormick in Chicago. I have a photograph of it."

He handed his host a photograph of the portrait of a lady of the early nineteenth century, in formal evening dress and elaborately bejeweled.

"You see those pearl bracelets?"

"Yes."

"Notice the settings. They are peculiar, aren't they?"

"Very."

"Unmistakable, don't you think?"

"Unmistakable."

"Well, those bracelets were stolen from Lady Dunmore by Captain Kidd, and afterward offered for sale through Mr. Streeter by your great-grandfather."

"Now, Mr. Olmsted, I just can't believe that one! Lady Dunmore, if she sat for her portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, must have been a contemporary of my great-grandfather. She couldn't have been robbed by Captain Kidd."

"YOU are quite right, Mr. Astor. But I must ask you again to have patience. The Lady Dunmore who was robbed by Captain Kidd was born in the seventeenth century. The Lady Dunmore who is wearing the family bracelets in this portrait was born in the eighteenth century. That's why she was able to identify, among the jewels Mr. Roderick Streeter was selling for your great-grandfather, these priceless gems."

Mr. Olmsted then proceeded to tell as briefly as possible the strange story of the disappearance and recovery of the famous Dunmore pearls—which was, as you may perhaps know, no narrative of Mr. Olmsted's creation, or even of his discovery. The capture of the Dunmore jewels by Captain Kidd somewhere in Indian waters shortly before his return to the North Atlantic coast and the hiding of his treasure is a matter of well authenticated history, as well as a deeply rooted tradition in the Dunmore family.

It seems that the then Lord and Lady Dunmore were starting across the Indian Ocean on the perilous trip which was to take them down the east coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope to England. The trip *was* perilous in those days, because of a murderous pirate fleet. Bold, lawless marauders, men like Thomas Tew, John Ireland, Thomas Wake, and William Mace, had seized the seaways over which honest commerce must travel.

William Kidd, solid citizen and merchant mariner, "our trusty and well-beloved Captain," as King William called him in his royal commission, was not originally the companion of these men. He was their enemy and they were his. They had sat with their rough fellows and their rougher girls in the Dark Ship Tavern down near the East River and sung derisive songs about Captain Kidd and his kid-glove expedition against piracy. But by the time the packet which bore Lord and Lady Dunmore across the Indian Ocean met up with Captain Kidd and his Adventure Galley, the captain had, as we have seen, gone piratical. And if Lady Dunmore and others are to be believed, he looked the part, being "dark as a buccaneer of the Spanish Main," although Scotch by birth, and exhibiting "the strength of a lion."

A TERRIFYING sight Kidd must have been to the noble ladies of the Dunmore party when he boarded their little packet at the head of his riotous and insubordinate crew! But he listened to the tearful pleas of the noble ladies and decided that he would merely plunder the cargo and the passengers and allow the ravaged vessel to proceed on her voyage.

The passengers were compelled, on peril of their lives, to surrender all of their jewelry, and among the articles taken from Lady Dunmore was her superb pair of pearl bracelets, the pearls being set, as we have seen, in a peculiar fashion.

Another pair, the exact duplicate of hers, had been purchased by Lord Dunmore for his sister.

In 1801 Roderick Streeter wrote to Astor that the then Lady Dunmore, in looking over some gems which he was offering her, had noticed a pair of exquisite pearl bracelets which were a part of the Astor consignment, and had at once recognized them as the identical pair taken by Kidd nearly one hundred years before.

She returned the following day with the family lawyers and the duplicate bracelets; told and verified the story of the loss of one pair by Lady Dunmore; compared the two pairs; showed their almost perfect identity; showed the private marks on each; and demonstrated beyond question that the pearls offered by Mr. Streeter were the identical gems seized by Captain Kidd.

The lawyer thereupon demanded their surrender to Lady Dunmore. Mr. Streeter immediately asked Astor for instructions.

Astor replied, authorizing the de-

livery of the bracelets to Lady Dunmore, and asking Mr. Streeter to assure her that the supposed owner was guiltless of wrong in the matter and was an entirely innocent holder. He also repeated the caution, given before in other letters, that to no one was his identity to be revealed.

"I have photostatic copies of all this correspondence, if it is of any interest to you, Mr. Astor," concluded Mr. Olmsted, turning once more to his dossier.

Mr. Astor did not speak immediately. He seemed lost in thought. He was too intelligent a man not to see that Mr. Olmsted had been building up a strong case.

There was, first of all, the very plausible astronomical solution of the famous cipher 44106818. There might be some question as to the validity of evidence of this sort in a court of law, but to the lay mind it was well-nigh indisputable proof that the chest which had been buried in Mr. Olmsted's cave had belonged to Captain Kidd and had therefore been deposited there by him or by his agents within the ownership tenancy of the Olmsted family. And that was not all.

Olmsted had found in Jacques Cartier the probable thief of the treasure hidden on his, Olmsted's, property.

He had found in the records of the Manhattan Company proof of a payment by the first Mr. Astor which accounted for the sudden and unprecedented prosperity of the simple woodsman. To clinch his claim, he had shown that the first John Jacob Astor had personally come into possession of gems which were demonstrably part of the booty collected by Captain Kidd.

It may be, also, that Colonel Astor himself was not too clear, by this time, about the Astor fortune's origin which he had, up to now, taken for granted.

The generally accepted theory among Astor historians, and doubtless among Astor descendants, was that the original John Jacob had invested some two million dollars in New York real estate, and that it was on the unearned increment of this investment that they had since lived. And this theory was, in all probability, a correct one.

But—two million dollars!

That was a large amount of money for those days, especially for a newly arrived youthful immigrant of whom his sister so truthfully said:

"Humph! Yakob vas nodding vunce put a paker's poy, undt soldt pread undt cake in der street."

Until Mr. Olmsted entered his office the fourth John Jacob had probably never given much thought—since for nearly a hundred years the whole world had not done so—to how the original John Jacob got that first two million to invest.

Fur trading?

Well, there were plenty of fur traders on the Atlantic seaboard in Yakob Ashdour's time, and none of them had two million, or one. As late as 1830 there wasn't *any* man or woman in all New York who had a million dollars.

On his fur trading alone, as his bank deposits showed, the first John Jacob Astor might have left, not twenty million dollars, which he did, but perhaps an easily dissipated thirty thousand dollars, and the fourth John Jacob Astor might have been standing on the other side of the high shiny counter in his offices, paying rent to— But why should Colonel Astor let his imagination work in that style?

"Go on, Mr. Olmsted," he said. "Go on!"

The additional discoveries with which Frederick Law Olmsted rounded out his amazing yet impressive claim to the vast fortune of "the Landlord of New York," the legal proceedings that resulted, and their ever-mysterious outcome, will appear in next week's, the concluding installment of Did Astor Find Capt. Kidd's Riches?

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is dungaree?

2—What is pi?

3—Which Roman god had two faces?

4—What instrument was used to measure time before the clock was invented?

5—What is kumiss?

6—Where is Marxstadt?

7—What is the Fata Morgana?

8—Which nationalities are denied entrance to the United States as immigrants?

9—How did the term I O U originate?

10—Where did the "pompadour" method of dressing the hair originate?

11—Who was Captain Cuttle?

12—What is cribbage?

13—In chemistry, who first categorized the elements along modern lines?

14—What does Samuel Clemens's pen name of Mark Twain mean?

15—Who first discovered America?

16—Which country first attempted construction of the Panama Canal?

17—Who was in command of the American fleet at the Battle of Santiago?

18—Which nation first employed the tank during the World War?

19—Of what nationality was Cardinal Mercier?

20—Who said: "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!"?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

WELL-GROOMED HAIR—

HEALTHY SCALP— WITH VITALIS

use the 60-Second VITALIS Workout!

A 50-SECOND MASSAGE, with Vitalis—and your scalp wakes up! Your hair has a chance.

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH. Your hair looks rich, lustrous, handsomely-groomed, but not "patent-leather."

THOUSANDS of men are following the revolutionary new Vitalis workout because it corrects tight dryness of the scalp—and keeps the hair lustrous and well-groomed. Loose dandruff goes. Pure vegetable oils lubricate scalp and hair without leaving a "patent-leather" polish. Ask your barber about Vitalis. Get a bottle from your druggist—and see how your scalp and hair come to life!

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

ILLUSTRATION
BY FRANK GODWIN

Extra! Perry Mason Stages a Phantom Murder and Forges a Confession!

The Case of the Howling

(Reading time: 20 minutes 8 seconds.)

PERRY MASON, attorney, is retained by Arthur Cartright to draw up a will and to compel his neighbor, Clinton Foley, to stop his dog's howling.

The next day Della Street, Mason's secretary, hands him an envelope, which has come in the mail, containing a will written by Cartright, leaving his estate to Mrs. Clinton Foley, with one tenth going to Mason, providing he protects Mrs. Foley's interests.

In answer to a warning about the dog's howling, Foley makes a complaint that Cartright is crazy. Perry Mason and a deputy sheriff go to the Foley house to investigate. They meet Thelma Benton, Foley's housekeeper, and Ah Wong, the Chinese cook. It develops that Mrs. Foley has eloped with Cartright, leaving a note of explanation.

Perry Mason employs Paul Drake, a detective, who finds that Mrs. Foley is really Mrs. Paula Cartright and that Foley's real name is Clinton Forbes. Mason goes to the Foley house to talk to the owner, and finds him dead on the library floor from a revolver bullet. A police dog has also been killed.

Paul Drake locates Mrs. Bessie Forbes, registered at a hotel under the name of Dangerfield. Mrs. Forbes had driven out to her husband's house the night of the murder and had dropped a handkerchief on the floor of the cab.

Mason goes to Mrs. Forbes and, as her attorney, forbids her to talk to any one. He also sends a woman, Mae Sibley, impersonating Mrs. Forbes, to reclaim the handkerchief from the taxi driver. The police identify the gun with which Foley or Forbes was killed as having been bought two years before by Bessie Forbes. She is arrested, charged with the murder. The trial opens, and Marson, the taxi driver, is called to the stand and asked to identify Mrs. Bessie Forbes.

PART EIGHT—"IT'S LOADED WITH DYNAMITE"

"YES," Marson said; "I seen her."

"When did you first see her?"

"About ten minutes past seven."

"Where?"

"In the vicinity of Ninth and Masonic streets."

"What did she do?"

"She signaled me and I pulled in to the curb. She told me she wanted to go to 4889 Milpas Drive. I took her out there, and then she told me to go and ring up Parkcrest 62945 and ask for Arthur, and tell him to go over to Clint's house right away, because Clint was having a show-down with Paula," the taxi driver answered.

Dog

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"You deliberately engineered that whole thing!" Drumm said. "Just to get the story on the front page of the newspapers."

"Very well; what did you do?" asked Claude Drumm.

"I took her there, and went and telephoned, like she said, and then I came back."

"Then what happened?"

"Then she came out and I took her back to a place right near the Breedmont Hotel, and she got out."

"Did you see her again that night?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"I don't know. Near midnight, I guess. She came up to the taxicab and said that she thought she'd left a handkerchief in the cab. I gave it to her."

"She took it?"

"Yes."

"And that was the same person you had taken out to the residence at 4889 Milpas Drive?"

"Yes, that was the one."

CLAUDE DRUMM turned to Perry Mason.

"You may cross-examine," he said.

Perry Mason raised his voice slightly:

"The defendant left a handkerchief in your taxicab?"

"Yes, she did," Marson answered.

"What did you do with it?"

"I showed it to you, and you told me to put it back."

Claude Drumm chuckled.

"Just a moment," said Perry Mason. "You don't need to bring me into this."

"Then keep yourself out of it," said Claude Drumm.

Judge Markham banged with his gavel.

"Order!" he said. "Counselor, did you wish to ask to have that answer stricken out?"

"Yes," said Perry Mason; "I move to strike it out on the ground that it is not responsive to the question."

"The motion is denied," said Judge Markham sternly. "The Court believes that it was responsive to the question."

"DID the deputy district attorney tell you what you were to testify to in this case?" asked Perry Mason next.

"No, sir."

"Didn't he tell you that if I gave you the slightest opportunity you were to testify that you had given that handkerchief to me?"

Claude Drumm got to his feet with a vehement objection. Judge Markham overruled the objection, and Sam Marson said slowly, "Well, he told me that he couldn't ask me about what you had said to me, but that if I got a chance it was all right to tell the jury."

"And did he also," asked Perry Mason, "tell you that, when he asked you if the defendant was the person who had engaged your taxicab on the night of October 17, you were to lean forward and look at her, so that the jury could see you were studying her features?"

"Yes, he told me to do that."

"As a matter of fact, you'd seen the defendant on several occasions prior to the time you gave your testimony. She'd been pointed out to you by the officers, and you'd seen her in the jail. You'd known for some time she was the person who engaged your taxicab on that night."

"I guess so, yes."

"Are you absolutely certain," Mason asked, "that it was the defendant in this case who hired your taxicab?"

"Yes, sir."

"And absolutely certain that it was the defendant who came to you later on that same evening and asked you about the handkerchief?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're certain that it was the defendant upon both occasions?"

"Yes, it was the same person."

Perry Mason turned abruptly and dramatically toward the back of the crowded courtroom.

"Mae Sibley," he said, "stand up!"

Mae Sibley stood up.

"Take a look at that person and tell me if you have ever seen her before," said Perry Mason.

Claude Drumm jumped to his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "I object to this form of testing the recollection of the witness. It is not a proper test."

"Do you intend to connect it up, counselor?" asked

Judge Markham of Perry Mason.

"I will do better than that," said Perry Mason. "I will withdraw the question as it was asked, and ask you, Samuel Marson, if it is not a fact that this woman who is now standing in the courtroom is the woman who called for the handkerchief on the evening of October 17, and the woman to whom you gave the handkerchief?"

"No, sir," said Samuel Marson, pointing toward the defendant. "That was the woman."

"There's no chance you're mistaken?"

"No, sir."

"And if you are mistaken as to the identity of the woman who called for the handkerchief, you might also be mistaken as to the identity of the woman who was taken by you to that house on Milpas Drive?"

"I ain't mistaken about either of 'em."

Perry Mason smiled triumphantly.

"That," he said, "is all."

Claude Drumm was on his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "may I ask for a recess?"

Judge Markham frowned and nodded his head slowly.

"Yes," he said. "The court will adjourn until ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Judge Markham banged his gavel, arose, and stalked majestically toward his chambers in the rear of the courtroom. Perry Mason noticed Claude Drumm glance significantly at two deputies, and saw these deputies push their way through the crowd to the side of Mae Sibley. Perry Mason also pushed his way through.

"Judge Markham wants to see all three of you in his chambers," he said.

"Oh, Drumm," he called, raising his voice.

Claude Drumm, who was about to leave, paused.

"Would you mind stepping into the chambers of Judge Markham with me?" asked Perry Mason.

Together the two attorneys entered the chambers. Behind them came the two deputies and Mae Sibley.

Judge Markham looked up.

"Judge," said Perry Mason, "this young woman is a witness of mine. She is under subpœna for the defense. I noticed that, at a signal from the deputy district attorney, two deputies have approached her. May I ask the Court to instruct the witness that she needs to talk to no one until she is called as a witness, and to instruct the deputies that they are not to annoy her?"

Claude Drumm flushed.

"All right," he said. "Since you've brought this subject up, and since court isn't in session, we'll settle it right here and now."

"All right," Mason said. "Go ahead and settle it."

"What I intended to do," said Claude Drumm, "was to find out from this young woman if she had been paid to impersonate the defendant."

"All right," said Perry Mason. "Suppose she said yes to that. *Then* what did you intend to do?"

"I intended to discover the identity of the person who had paid her to make such false representation and to get a warrant for his arrest," said Claude Drumm.

"All right," said Perry Mason. "I'm the person. What are you going to do about it?"

"Gentlemen," said Judge Markham, "it seems to me this discussion is getting somewhat beyond the subject."

"Not a bit of it," said Mason. "I knew this was coming and I want to have it settled right here and now. There's no law against a woman impersonating another. It's no crime to claim to be the owner of lost property, unless the claim is made for the purpose of obtaining the possession of that lost property."

"That was exactly the purpose of this deception!" shouted Claude Drumm.

"YOU'LL remember, Drumm," Mason said, "that I rang up the authorities and turned the handkerchief over to them just as soon as it had been given to me, and that Miss Sibley gave it to me just as soon as she received it from the taxi driver. What I was doing was testing the recollection of the taxi driver."

Judge Markham looked at Perry Mason.

"Well," he said, "the Court isn't called upon at this time to pass upon the ethics of the question. The Court is only called upon to pass upon your request, counselor, that your witnesses be allowed to give their testimony in court and that the officers do not seek to intimidate them."

"That's all I want," said Perry Mason.

"What you've done will get you before the grievance committee of the Bar Association!" shouted Claude Drumm.

"That's fine," Perry Mason told him. "I'll be only too glad to discuss the matter with you there. But in the meantime you keep your hands off my witnesses."

"Gentlemen—gentlemen!" snapped Judge Markham, getting to his feet. "I'm going to insist upon order. Counselor Mason has presented a request. You should know, Mr. Drumm, that the request is in order. If this person is a witness subpœnaed by the defense, you will refrain from seeking to intimidate her."

"Very well," said Drumm sulkily.

"This way," said Perry Mason, smiling, and taking Mae Sibley's arm led her from the chambers.

As he opened the door into the courtroom there was a vivid flash of light, a sudden *poof*.

The girl screamed and covered her face.

"Don't get excited," Perry Mason told her. "It's just newspaper photographers taking your picture."

Claude Drumm pushed his way to Mason's side.

"You deliberately engineered that whole thing!" Drumm said. "Just to get the story on the front page of the newspapers!"

Perry Mason grinned at him.

"Any objections?" he asked.

"Lots of them!" blazed Claude Drumm.

"All right," said Perry Mason slowly and ominously. "Be damn' careful how you make 'em."

Perry Mason turned to Mae Sibley.

"I didn't want you talking to the deputies," he said, "but there's no reason why you can't talk with the newspaper reporters."

"What shall I tell them?" she asked.

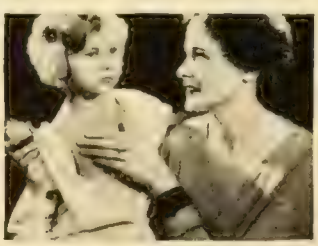
"Tell them anything you know," he said, and lifted his hat as he walked away. From the door of the courtroom he looked behind him.

MARCH USED TO BE MY "WORRY MONTH" — BUT NOW WE FOLLOW VICKS COLDS-CONTROL PLAN

MARCH—"the pneumonia month." No wonder mothers dread it. It's no time to take chances with colds. Vicks Plan now aids mothers to give their families better *control* of colds. The Plan helps to end colds sooner—to avoid many colds. It is fully described in each Vicks package.

When colds threaten

At that first stuffy feeling—use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, the amazing new aid in *preventing* colds. They stimulate Nature's defense. They help stop many colds before they develop.



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NRA

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Half a dozen reporters had eagerly surrounded Mae Sibley and were asking frantic questions. . . .

Perry Mason looked at his watch when he entered his office. He switched on the lights and set a leather case on Della Street's desk. He snapped a catch, took off a cover, and disclosed a portable typewriter. From a briefcase he took several sheets of paper and a stamped envelope. He had just placed them on the desk when Della Street came in.

"Did you see the papers?" she asked as she closed the door and slipped out of her fur coat.

"Yes," said Perry Mason, and grinned.

"Tell me," she said. "Did you arrange all that so you'd have a dramatic punch for the close of the trial?"

"Sure," he told her. "Why not?"

"Weren't you coming pretty close to breaking the law?"

"I doubt it," he said. "It was legitimate cross-examination."

"How do you mean—cross-examination?" she asked.

"It would have been perfectly permissible for me to have stood several women in line and asked Sam Marson to pick out the one who had left the handkerchief in his taxicab."

"Well?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I only went one step farther. I found out that he was uncertain about the identity of the woman. I capitalized on that uncertainty, that's all.

"I knew that by the time the authorities got done with him he'd make a positive identification. That's a slick way they have of taking a witness over a period of time and letting him become more and more positive. They showed him Bessie Forbes on at least a dozen different occasions. They did it casually, so that he didn't know he was being hypnotized."

"I know," she said; "but how about the handkerchief?"

"In order to be larceny," he said, "there has got to be an intent to steal. There wasn't any intent to steal. The woman was getting the handkerchief for me. I was getting it for the authorities."

"Perhaps," she said; "but you pulled a fast one."

"OF course I pulled a fast one," he told her. "It's what I'm paid for. I simply cross-examined him in an unorthodox manner. Don't take off your gloves, Della."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "we're going to pull another fast one, and I don't want either one of us to leave fingerprints on the paper."

She stared at him for a minute, and then said: "Is it within the law?"

"I think it is," he told her; "but we're not going to get caught." He walked to the door and locked it.

"Take a sheet of this paper," he said, "and put it in that portable typewriter."

"I don't like portables," she told him. "I'm used to my office machine."

"That's all right," he told her. "But an expert can identify the machine a document is written on."

"This is a new portable," she said.

"Exactly," he told her; "and I'm going to put some of the type a little out of line."

He went to the machine and started bending the type bars.

"What's the idea?" she asked.

"We're going to write a confession."

"What sort of a confession?"

"A confession," he said, "to the murder of Paula Cartright."

"Good heavens!" she said. "And then what are you going to do with the confession?"

"We're going to mail it," he said, "to the city editor of the Chronicle."

SHE remained motionless, staring at him with apprehensive eyes; then suddenly took a deep breath, walked over to her chair, sat down, and slid one of the sheets of paper into the portable typewriter.

"I'm going to dictate this," he said slowly, "and you can take it directly on the typewriter."

He moved to her shoulder and said in a low voice, "Write this, addressed to the city editor of the Chronicle:

"Dear Sir:

"I notice that in your paper you printed an interview with Elizabeth Walker, in which she said that I had made statements on several occasions that I intended to die on the scaffold; that I spent most of my time staring through binoculars at the residence occupied by Clinton Forbes, who was then going under the name of Clinton Foley.

"All of these things are correct.

"I notice that you have published an editorial demanding that the authorities apprehend me, and also apprehend Paula Cartright, my wife, before the trial of Bessie Forbes is allowed to proceed, the intimation being that I killed Clinton Forbes.

"This accusation is unjust and untrue.

"I did not kill Clinton Forbes—but I did kill my wife, Paula Cartright.

"Under the circumstances, I think that the public is entitled to know exactly what happened."

Perry Mason paused until the clicking of the typewriter signified that Della Street had caught up.

"Getting frightened, Della?" he asked.

"No," she said. "Go on."

"All right," he said. "Go on from there:

"I lived in Santa Barbara with my wife, and I was happy. I was friendly with Clinton Forbes and his wife. I knew that Clinton Forbes was a rotter so far as any moral sense was concerned, but I liked him. I knew that he was playing around with half a dozen women. I never had any suspicion that my wife was one of them. Abruptly and out of a clear sky, I realized the truth. I was a ruined man. My happiness was wrecked and so was my home. I determined to hunt down Clinton Forbes and kill him.

"It took me ten months to find him.

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Many people think they are taking all the necessary precautions against winter if they wear their rubbers and carry an umbrella. But important as these protectives are, they only take care of you *outside*.

The *inner* forces you need must be *built!* And the time to build them is not after you're sick, but *while you are well.* This is the new idea of *prevention* which is taking hold among sensible people.

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NRA

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Mr. D. Mallory, Geer, Va., writes:
"My hair came out in patches and I was bald in spots. I used 2 bottles of Japanese Oil. It not only stopped my hair from falling, but grew new hair on the bald areas."

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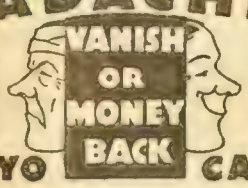

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Suppose you owned this hotel? How would you run it?

No doubt you would want your guests sure of a friendly welcome; of cheerful, alert service; of clean, bright, modern rooms. You'd want them to sleep well; to like the food—to have it good food; and the rates would have to be right, too.

These are our policies
Try Hotel Knickerbocker.

HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER
Walton Place—East of Michigan Blvd.

Then I found him living on Milpas Drive, under the name of Clinton Foley. I found that the adjoining house was for rent, furnished, and I moved in, purposely hiring a housekeeper who was stone-deaf and who could not, therefore, engage in neighborhood gossip. Before I killed Clinton Foley I wanted to find out something about his habits. I wanted to find out something about how he was treating Paula and whether she was happy. To that end, I spent most of my time studying the house through binoculars.

"It was a slow and tedious undertaking. On occasions I would see intimate glimpses of the home life of the man on whom I spied. At other times, days would go past during which I would see nothing. In the end, I satisfied myself that Paula was desperately unhappy.

"And yet, despite all of my plans, I failed in my purpose. I waited until there was a dark night that suited my intentions, and sneaked across the grounds to the house of my enemy. I fully intended to kill him and claim my wife. I gave my housekeeper a letter to my lawyer. In that letter I inclosed my will.

"I found the back door of the house unlocked. Clinton Foley had a police dog, Prince, who acted as a watchdog. But Prince knew me, because I had been friendly with Clinton Forbes in Santa Barbara. In place of barking at me, the dog was glad to see me. He jumped on me and licked my hand. I patted his head and walked quietly through the back of the house. I was going through the library, when I suddenly encountered my wife. She stared at me and screamed. I grabbed her and threatened to choke her if she didn't keep quiet.

"She almost fainted with terror. I made her sit down, and talked with her. She told me that Clinton Forbes and his housekeeper, Thelma Benton, had been carrying on a clandestine affair for years; that the affair had dated back even before his affair with her; that Forbes had gone out with Thelma Benton and that she was alone in the house; that Ah Wong, the cook, had gone out to spend the evening with some Chinese friends.

"I told her that I intended to kill Forbes, and that I wanted her to go away with me. She told me that I must do nothing of the sort, and that she had ceased to love me and could never be happy with me. She threatened to call the police and tell them what I intended to do. She started for the telephone. I struggled with her and she started to scream. I choked her.

"I can never explain the emotions of that moment. I loved her passionately. I knew that she no longer loved me. She was struggling with me to save the man who had betrayed me and whom I hated. I became insensible to my surroundings. I only knew that I was crushing her neck in a frantic grip. When I regained my senses sufficiently to realize what I was doing, she was dead.

"Clinton Forbes was building an addition to his garage. The cement walls were up. The floor was about to be laid. I went into the garage and found a pick and shovel. I dug up the ground where the floor was to be poured, buried the body of my wife in a shallow grave, took the extra dirt in a wheelbarrow, carried it to the rear of the lot, and dumped it. I wanted to wait for Clinton Forbes, but I dared not do so. The thing which I had done had completely unnerved me. I was trembling like a leaf. I realized that my temper had betrayed me into killing the woman I loved. I realized, however, that I was safe from discovery. The contractors were about to pour the cement floor in the addition to the garage, and that would cover up the evidences of my crime. I went to another section of town, rented a room under an assumed name, built up a second identity for myself, and have been living there ever since.

"I am making this confession because I feel that it is only fair that I do so. I killed my wife. I did not kill Clinton Forbes—I only wish that I had! He deserved to die; but I did not kill him.

"I am safe from detection. No one will ever penetrate the secret of my present disguise.

"Very truly yours,"

PERRY MASON waited until the girl had finished her typing; then he took the paper from the portable machine and read it over carefully.

"That," he said, "will be all right."

She looked at him with white, drawn features.

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"I am going to take the will of Arthur Cartright as a pattern," he said, "and forge his signature to this document."

In purposeful silence, Perry Mason sat down at the table, made several practice signatures on a piece of paper, then laboriously forged the signature of Arthur Cartright to the confession. He folded the paper, then handed Della Street the stamped envelope.

"Address that," he said, "to the city editor of the Chronicle."

He put the cover back on the portable typewriter.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked.

"Mail the letter," he said, "and see that this typewriter is placed where the authorities will never find it."

She looked at him steadily for a moment, then walked to the door.

She paused with her hand on the knob, stood motionless for a moment, then turned and came back to him.

"Chief," she said, "I wish you wouldn't do it."

"Do what?"

"Take these chances."

"I have to do it," he said.

"It isn't right," she said.

"It is if the results are right."

"What results are you trying to get?"

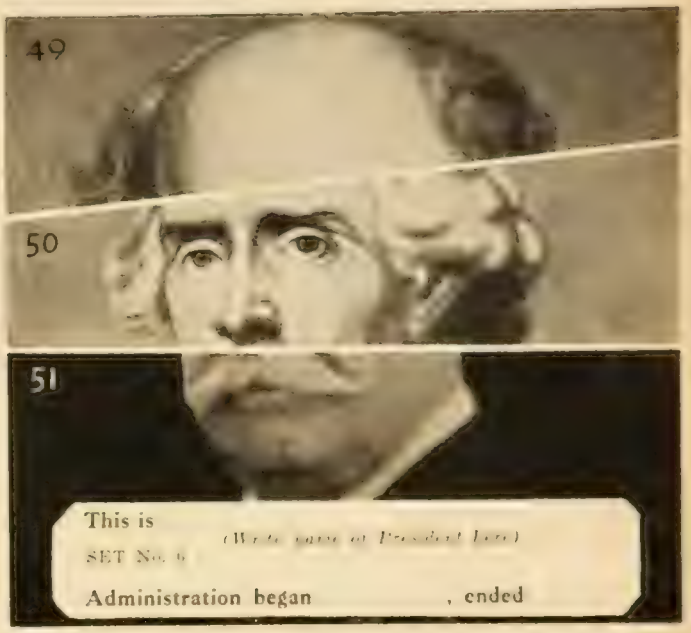
"I want," he said, "the cement floor in that garage extension broken up and the place underneath thoroughly searched."

Why did Perry Mason want the cement floor in the Forbes garage broken up? What did he hope to find and did his ruse work? Read next week's installment of this great novel of mystery and intrigue. It contains one of the most amazing surprises in the whole story.

Who Are These Presidents?

$2,500 IN CASH FOR THE 273 BEST ENTRIES!

THE FOREHEAD *is of one born at Shadwell, Virginia; the eyes and nose are of one whose father was a Secretary of War; the mouth and chin are of one who was Surrogate of Columbia County, New York.*



THE FOREHEAD *is of a Governor of New York; the eyes and nose are of one who designed his own mansion and other noted buildings; the mouth and chin are of a law reporter on Ohio newspapers.*

CAN you identify the three former Presidents pictured in the accompanying composites without recourse to the clues furnished below each picture? If so your final ranking in this cash prize contest should be high indeed. However, in the event that you have difficulty in correctly assembling and identifying the pictures, the clues should prove of great assistance. Every prize on the list is well worth winning. Get into the game today!

SEND FOR FIRST FIVE SETS

If you neglected to save the first five sets you still can enter. Simply write a note to the address in Rule 6. Reprints of the previous sets will be mailed to you gratis. You can then solve them and be even with the field.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents' pictures being used.

5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

THE FOREHEAD *is of a Secretary of War; the eyes and nose are of one who resigned as Secretary of War to become Minister to England; the mouth and chin are of the first of the Presidents inaugurated at Washington.*

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

THIS IS THE SIXTH SET OF THE SERIES. THE SEVENTH WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

RACKETEERS, ROM

The Pictures Present Miss Wieck in and Miss Harvey

By BEVERLY

Alan Hale and Jack La Rue in a scene from the sinister kidnaping film, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 18 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN

THE PLAYERS: Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, George Barbier, Alan Hale, Jack La Rue, Dorothy Burgess, and others. Directed by Alexander Hall.

THE new vogue for puzzle titles makes it obligatory to explain immediately that this is neither a nursery film nor a bedroom farce but a racket picture, as disagreeable as possible, about kidnaping. Comic scenes in which Baby LeRoy is to be seen gurgling in his bathtub or beating his high chair with a spoon are merely a valentine-card frame for as ugly a narrative as has yet derived from the Lindbergh case. Dorothea Wieck is the movie star whose child is abducted. Jack La Rue is the chief of the kidnapers. The picture develops with the search for the baby, building up suspense as the hunt for the kidnapers spreads, while the kidnapers themselves, living unnoticed in a mountain shack, argue quietly about whether to kill the child or let it live.

Director Hall tried to make all this as palatable as possible by concentrating on the cute tricks of LeRoy and on Dorothea Wieck's subdued representation of misery and panic. None the less, for impressionable audiences Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen will add up to a production so gruesome that it can hardly be defined as entertainment.

In this connection Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen and several of the other crime pictures of the last two seasons contain the grounds for an unpleasant suspicion. One of the minor disadvantages of repeal may be that it has removed the heroes of the most entertaining talkies, as a class, that were ever produced. Three or four years ago, during the first fine flight of racket pictures, the villains were all bootleggers.

The reason that the pictures were so good—and one reason why the Hays organization quite properly frowned on them—was that public sympathy was entirely with these characters. Ostensibly wrongdoers, they were really regarded by audiences as public servants tricked into a false position through an idiosyncrasy in the laws. Racket pictures, it seems to us, probably had quite as much influence for repeal as all the editorials that were written during the last few years of prohibition. More than that, they were magnificent entertainment.

The spectacle of Jack La Rue bitterly plotting to wring the neck of a small child is good and grisly melodrama, but in such a situation La Rue is as monstrous as Edward G. Robinson in Little Cæsar, for example, was likable and human. It seems rather a pity now that the bootleggers were not treated by the movies even more fully than they were. It is likely to be a long time before a fluke in the laws again provides Hollywood with a class of characters who fit so perfectly into the formula for melodrama.

★★★ MASSACRE

THE PLAYERS: Richard Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak, Dudley Digges, Henry O'Neill, Wallis Clark, Claire Dodd, Tully Marshall, and others. Directed by Alan Crosland.

The American Indian is a character whom the movies have usually considered it safe to kill, maltreat, or insult because there are not enough of him to make an appreciable difference at the box office. The last ingratiating Indian in the movies was the hero of a film that Clara Bow made a year or two ago; he was kindly but dim-witted.

Prompted by some obscure feeling of contrition or else by a far-fetched desire to make pictures which, because they contain mild reflections on the United States government, will be popular in Russia, Massacre is Warner Brothers' apology to the redskin for the epithets that the movies have applied to him in the past. It is also, surprisingly, an excellent movie, which proves that serious social propaganda can be entirely satisfactory as the basis of a story and should be used more often.

In Massacre, Richard Barthelmess is Joe Thunder Horse, who routs a crew of corrupt white officials who have been grafting off their charges at the Spotted Eagle Reservation. He is the higher type of savage; he has been to college and been the crack rifle shot and bareback rider of a traveling circus. When he gets back to the squalid plot of prairie ground which the government has given to his tribe and there finds that there are only two honest white men within shooting distance, he behaves as a chief's son should, beats up his tribe's oppressors, and falls in love with Ann Dvorak. Barthelmess in pigtails with a white feather sticking out of his head looks more Indian than the front of a nickel. Massacre should be a hit, with reservations.

Ann Dvorak and Richard Barthelmess in the Indian picture Massacre.

★★½ I AM SUZANNE

THE PLAYERS: Lilian Harvey, Gene Raymond, Leslie Banks, Georgia Cane, Geneva Mitchell, Halliwell Hobbes, Murray Kinnell, Edward Keane, Lionel Belmore. Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

Jesse L. Lasky was one of the pioneers of the moving-picture industry. He grew up in California,

REDSKINS, ANCE

Distress, Mr. Barthelmess in Pigtails, Among the Puppets

HILLS

The clever novelty picture, I Am Suzanne, shows Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond in leading rôles.

became a reporter in San Francisco, met Tex Rickard in the Klondike when they were both prospecting for gold, and later got into vaudeville business with a line of musical acts. These gave him the money to go into the movie business in the period when Sam Goldwyn, Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, William Fox, and Lewis J. Selznick were emerging from obscurity into the eminence of nickelodeon proprietors or shoe-string producers.

According to the ideas of Hollywood methods generally held by the critics who like no pictures except those which come from Czechoslovakia and have pidgin-English subtitles, this would lead you to suppose that Lasky's notion of the ideal moving picture would be something not quite up to the standards of a Minsky burlesque audience. It may be worth noting that the pictures that Lasky has made for Fox in the last year are, on the contrary, the most sensitive, original, and intelligent currently being produced on the west coast.

That they are uniformly satisfactory pictures is by no means correspondingly true. Warrior's Husband was an overdressed dirty story, pretty, but with very little point. Zoo in Budapest was graceful and clever but too consciously whimsical to make much sense. I Am Suzanne *suffers from the same fault. It is the story of a dancer* (Lilian Harvey) who falls in love with a puppeteer (Gene Raymond) and then grows jealous of the puppet portrait he makes of her.

The most important actors in the cast are really not Harvey and Raymond but a group of the Piccoli puppets that have been touring the country for the last year. Where I Am Suzanne falls down is in sequences like the one which shows Harvey's puppet dancing on the stage and suddenly turning into Harvey herself for no possible reason. In other words, if Lasky thought his public was incapable of getting the idea of I Am Suzanne, he should have chosen another idea instead of underlining one which depends for its effectiveness on being suggested rather than stated.

Despite this fault, and the fact that Lilian Harvey, when she does finally dance, merely impersonates the baseball for an infield of adagio artists, and the unfortunate circumstance that Gene Raymond still talks like a soda jerker with his mouth full of English muffins, I Am Suzanne is an engaging and ambitiously clever novelty.

SCREEN COMMENT

Mascot Pictures Corporation will next year team Rex, the horse, with Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., the police dog, as co-stars in a series of animal pictures. This is an excellent idea, and it indicates that animal-picture producers are at last getting wise to some of the possibilities of their medium. In the past, animal pictures have been of only two types—those in which the animals were unfriendly, which had their climax in a big fight between a mongoose and cobra, tiger and python, or spider and fly; and those in which the action rose to a dramatic crescendo when the heroine gave the cowboy's horse a lump of sugar. There is no reason why animal pictures should not, as Mascot apparently intends to make them do, include a few of the plot variations that have crept into other films in the last year or two.

To begin with, there should be a gangster picture about animals. The elephants, apes, crocodiles, and what not who appeared in Tarzan amounted almost to the proper personnel for such a film, but they need a more talkative big shot than Weissmuller. A musical comedy about a group of performing dogs, with a back-stage plot in which a young fox terrier steals the leading part in the barrel-walking act from a St. Bernard, would be an attractive novelty. A picture about four young steers, to be called Little Dogies, would also have possibilities. It also would be feasible to make an epic called Little Pigs, What Now? in which the champion hog caller of the United States could be tossed into a trough in the last reel and eaten alive by Blue Boy, the ham actor who co-starred with Will Rogers in State Fair.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1.

★★★—Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared.

VOX POP

TRY TO FIND A BETTER COUNTRY

CINCINNATI, OHIO—The letter from Fred J. Wilkins in Vox Pop, January 20, calls for my entire approbation.

I came here with the family from England in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, and have lived here ever since.

Any man of ordinary intelligence coming from England can become Americanized and adapt himself to the American way of living. A country of opportunity, a people of generous impulses, free-hearted, hospitable to a fault—where do you find a country any better?

I'm for the U. S. A.!—*C. W. Franklin.*

SPANISH WAR VETS VERSUS TAXPAYER

WOONSOCKET, R. I.—War Taxpayer of Canton, Ohio, in January 27 Vox Pop, should feel better after getting that dirty little dig at the aged bunch of Spanish War veterans off his chest. The same goes for whoever wrote the heading for that particular item.

The Spanish War veterans do not mind what either of them think or say. Very little can be added to what has already been said and done—all of which will act as a reminder when we step up to vote in future elections.

I wonder if Mr. Taxpayer really paid his taxes?—*A Veteran.*

[Other Spanish-American War vets who took issue with War Taxpayer in letters received just before we went to press with this issue were: F. F. Casey, Millville, Mass.; Dr. W. J. Evans, Longmont, Colo.; A Veteran That Was Wounded, Omaha, Neb.; J. T. Stovall, Montgomery, Ala.; Yours for Justice, Sapulpa, Okla.; Rolen E. Wright, Troy, Ohio; Mrs. A. H. Garard, Sheridan, Wyo.; William E. Hall, Camp Cook, Company A, 8th Mass. Vol. Infantry, Newburyport, Mass.—EDITOR VOX POP.]

TURN TO PAGE 28

SASKATOON, SASK.—Why has Mrs. Dall left us? She of the friendly face that all people love. The friendly face that says: "I will look only for the best in you. If you are in trouble I will help you, in so far as it lies in my power. If you do not play the game it will make me sad, but I will continue to help you." Bring Mrs. Dall back! We need her and we miss her.—*X. Y. Z.*

YOUR VOICE SPEAKS FOR MILLIONS

YANKTON, S. D.—I did not vote at the last Presidential election because I was so thoroughly disgusted and discouraged with the stench of rotten politics on every side that I had about reached the conclusion that this country's salvation would not come from a political source.

Revolutionary ideas, I'll grant. I stand corrected, however. Beside the ideals of my childhood, Washington and Lincoln, stands another great character—Roosevelt. I not only have found new faith in politics, but new faith in my country.—*Mrs. Wesely Laum.*

NO EXPERIENCE, NO JOB! NO JOB, NO EXPERIENCE!

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Do you realize the effect of articles on unemployment on the younger generation?

Put yourself in the place of a graduate of a high school whose parents have struggled to put her through a school. Young and hopeful, the graduate goes out to conquer the world. She makes the round of the employment offices but all she hears is, "Sorry—you must have experience."

"Experience"! A word that is driving the young people mad, beating them down. A word that is turning the present generation into lazy, shiftless human beings. Older people shake their heads and say they are just lazy. But they don't realize the fear that is lurking in these young people's hearts—the fear of the word experience and of being turned down because they lack it. Not given a chance to prove their worth like people in other days were allowed to do.

Help them build up their backbone again. Restore their confidence in human nature and give them a helping hand. You will find that with your aid they will turn out as good and strong as any other generation.—*(Miss) Anna M. Braun.*

[It seems like a tough break, does it not? Yet the same condition has always existed in greater or lesser degree. You must remember, Anna, that every one who has a job now was once a beginner without experience. They all overcame this handicap. Perhaps the story of a girl whom we will call Frances F. will give you an idea. Frances was the daughter of an attorney in a Western city. She became a violinist and toured the Middle West with her own orchestra. Her mother died and her father was stricken with paralysis, and was so miserable that she gave up her musical career to be with him. When he died she had only a few hundred dollars.

She came to New York, expecting easily to obtain a place on a broadcasting program, only to find there were thousands of other girl violinists with the same idea. With what money she had left she entered a business school, became a trained stenographer and secretary, again only to find that New York was full of trained secretaries and she had no experience. So she was very much in your situation.

But Frances solved her problem. She put an advertisement in the newspapers that read as follows: "Although I am an expert secretary, I will work for you for one month free." She had more than 500 replies, picked the best, and after working one week free was given a salary of thirty dollars a week and was asked to stay. But when her month was up, she resigned and applied to another office under the same terms. In three months she had worked for three important firms in New York, and from each had a whacking letter of recommendation. Now she had experience—the experience which you say you cannot get, and therefore cannot get a job. Within a week afterward she went to work for a famous novelist and playwright, and when she left him, it was to take an important position in the clerical force of the administration at Washington. This little success story will show you that even though one has no experience, one can get it. It can be done, Anna. —EDITOR.]

★ ★ ★ ★

CREDIT GOVERNS OUR LIVES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the administration of the economic affairs of the nation too little consideration has been given to one of the basic conditions which govern our lives. Too much energy and money has been expended in attempting to secure the top of our economic structure in place of securing and enlarging the base.

It is time to stop and think!

When an equitable medium of exchange between consumer and producer has been lost, then we find the entire life of the nation disrupted and thrown out of gear, and conditions such as now prevail.

The gold standard does not control the prosperity of the nation when the currency is not obtainable by the consumers of the nation.

Loans to producers will not equalize the scales when the consumers have no funds with which to purchase.

Loans to producers alone will but cause temporary relief and, in the end, another period of unemployment due to overproduction.

Loans to consumers are a vital necessity and, coupled with controlled production through loans to producers, will create a true basis of continued employment.

No nation can survive or function successfully when the people have lost their right to work.

Made work is but a temporary expediency, allowing only for the purchase of the bare necessities of life and not for the accumulation of any surplus to guard against the misfortunes of life.

Credit, then, is a basic condition governing our lives. Not only to the producers, but to the consumers as well.

To extend this credit is the responsibility of our government; and in the government departments, as old as our government itself, lies the power and the means to make this credit possible.—*H. S. Wagnitz.*

Mr. Wagnitz gets $25 for the above. Liberty will pay $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; but when we get them we'll publish and pay for them.

★ ★ ★ ★

WILL SOME CRITIC ANSWER THIS?

BOSTON, MASS.—You editors are in New York and you ought to know. What is the matter with the New York dramatic critics?

This fall a play came to Boston called Mary Queen of Scots. Being an admirer of Helen Hayes, I went to see the play with high expectancy. I was tremendously disappointed. The play was a piece of high-school theatricalism, vaudeville characterization, and lines like "By God, they shall pay for this!" And Miss Hayes did the best she could. Then I went to New York and found that it was one of the reigning successes of the season. I cite this as a notable example of a long store of such ineptitudes. What made the critics say that was a good play?—*Technology Chambers.*

A MESS OF A MURDER

SAN ANGELO, TEX.—Saturday night I changed into my best clothes and rushed

to the theater to see The Murder of the Circus Queen, as I had read it in Liberty and it was a corker, but, alas! what a mess when Hollywood tried to picture it.—*W. E. Cuzick.*

BAER—

OAKES, N. D.—Why does Liberty print such stuff as The Private Life and Loves of Max Baer? Why not pick one of the Four Mills Brothers—the funny one with the red hair who plays the harp? Marx my words, it would leave a better taste!—*P. W. Slocum.*

—AND FOR BAER

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We all like to read Liberty, and particularly enjoyed The Private Life and Loves of Max Baer by Dick Williams in the January 27 issue. Max Baer has been in the limelight and I think nearly every one is interested to read about him.—*Florence Kaufman.*

NEW LAND FOR BAD BONDS?

EL CENTRO, CALIF.—After the Revolution, after the War of 1812, especially after the War with Mexico, and less so after the War with Spain, the United States has had new land on which the returned soldier and the unemployed could settle.

Since the World War, thanks to our shortsighted altruism at the division of its spoils, we have no new frontiers.

Why not swap some of these defaulted European bonds for some new territory? Any new country thus acquired could be colonized by returned soldiers and recruits from the ranks of the unemployed.—*Frank Kirkpatrick.*

AND THOSE CAPTIONS!!!

CHICAGO, ILL.—What is the matter with your Vox Pop department lately? It is about as amusing as a crutch.

And those captions! What great literary effort is displayed in them!—*F. H. Arisman.*

INTELLIGENT VOX POP

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—It is highly encouraging to note the growing intelligent tone of your Vox Pop pages. January 13 Liberty carried no less than four thoughtfully written letters on social, political, and economic issues. A publication of your vast circulation can do much in diffusing political intelligence—a hitherto neglected phase of American civic education.—*A. M. King.*

WHY, IT HOWLS UP TO THE LAST LINE

YUCAIPA, CALIF.—That serial, The Case of the Howling Dog, by Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner, gets better and better. I think this is by far the best mystery story I have ever read in any of the big magazines—that is, if it holds up to the end.—*L. B. Duke.*

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A PROTEST IN ARABIC

WASHINGTON, N. J.—I am a constant reader of your magazine, and as such have only words of praise for it, particularly the editorials. Also, the recent article which proclaimed to the nation the absolute necessity for cleaning house in the State Department was of particular interest to me. Having spent many years abroad, I have contacted innumerable consuls, vice-consuls, and other officials, and no one can be more familiar with the inefficiency of the State Department's foreign staff than I am.

All of which has nothing to do with the urge which caused this missive. It is the story in your issue of December 2, The Empty Desert Tent, by Konrad Bercovici.

Having lived for some years within the confines of what was then the Imperial Ottoman Empire, my travels took me to all parts of it and I spent much time in the remote sections of Syria and Arabia. I had ample opportunity to study the Bedouins—their costumes, traits, and religion. Consequently, when I read the aforementioned story, I was amazed that Liberty editors permitted such a conglomerate misstatement to be printed. Plainly, the author has never been in Arabia, much less Syria.

Right at the start the Arabs "made camp a short camel's journey from the gates of Damascus," and then the author states that the sheik "stuck his quivering lance into the soft sand."

In the first place, there is no sand such a distance from Damascus, which he further states at the bottom of the second column is within hearing distance of the call for prayer in that city.

I am certain that it will be information to this author that all land such a short distance from Damascus is anything but soft sand. It is very fertile and almost entirely under cultivation. Also, the sand desert is some distance from Damascus, and is not a white sand, but a red sand which is very firm and most fertile, only lacking irrigation to make it a garden spot. To realize this, all one has to do is to see the desert in the springtime and revel in the great assortment of flowers blooming there. But they quickly wither and die from the heat of the early summer sun.

In the first paragraph it is stated that the tents were dyed "all the hues of the rainbow." All Arab tents are black.

"The women, bare from the waist up." Shades of Mohammed, what a statement! Arab women are never bared and their faces are always covered with the *oshmok.*

At the bottom of the first column: "called the women in to dance." There is never any mingling of the Moslem sexes.

In the second column: "on holidays she danced before the men and the women." Again I repeat, there could be no mingling of the sexes.

In the third column: "The prayers ended, they all rose, faced the east for a moment—" Of course they did, and when they prayed they also faced the east—it's a part of their religion.

In different paragraphs the author gives different translations of *Inshallah.* The correct one is "If God is willing," and is used only after a statement relative to the future.

At the top of the fourth column: "She ruffled his hair." How could she, when he must have his wrapped tarbush on? Also, who ever heard of spelling Ali the way he has spelled it—Aly?

In the middle of the fourth column: "Aly was waiting to speak to her. Some twenty other young couples—" Who ever heard of a prospective Mohammedan bridegroom seeing his prospective bride unveiled? And the previously mentioned intermingling of sexes also applies here.

As to the artist's conception on page 22, the less said about this the better. I can only say that if Arab girls look like this I should still be there.

Your author's explanation that a wadi is an old river bed is incorrect. A wadi is an old irrigation canal, and certainly there are none such a short distance from Damascus.

At the bottom of page 23: "she sank her spurs deeper." An Arab never uses spurs and I doubt if he knows there are such things.

The center of the second column on page 24: "lifted her cloak to see whether she were clothed underneath." Ye gods, this would be the most terrible insult one could offer to an Arab woman!

There are many more misleading and incorrect statements. But when the girl rides boldly into Zeyd's tent, a proceeding she could not and would not do, and he raises the corner of her cloak to learn if she is properly dressed—why, any self-respecting Arab girl would kill him on the spot!

If in all the above I have gone into too great detail, blame it entirely on the efforts of a reader to prevent any such recurrence in the future.—*Fred V. Greene, Jr.*

[We have sent a copy of Mr. Greene's letter to Mr. Bercovici and his reply will appear in next week's Vox Pop pages.—EDITOR VOX POP.]

HARVARD, 1636; W. AND M., 1693

BOSTON, MASS.—I notice in your Twenty Questions of January 6 that No. 1 question is answered that Harvard is the oldest college in the United States.

How about William and Mary College?—*Frank Wing.*

POSTSCRIPT

We have just read through several hundred letters from Vox Poppers (representing the mail received in two days), and we are prouder than ever of our contributors! The only trouble is, we can't print all of your letters. We wish we could. We can only make a representative—and varied—selection for each issue. Brief letters, with a point, stand the best chance. Please remember we do not pay for contributions to Vox Pop—except those selected for the four-star award—and we cannot return letters. Be sure to give your full name and address as well as initials or pseudonym to be used if you do not want your name published.—EDITOR VOX POP.

10,000 Families

(Reading time: 13 min. 25 sec.)

First Steps in Nation-Wide Movement to Provide Rural Homes for the Deserving Needy Under Government Supervision

By

M. L. WILSON

Director, Division of Subsistence Homesteads,
U. S. Department of the Interior

A NEW start in life awaits more than ten thousand American families. It will be provided through one of the most significant and interesting demonstrations in these changing times. Through the Division of Subsistence Homesteads of the Department of the Interior, the government has begun to take poor families out of their wretched environments—mining camps, city slums, idle factory and lumber towns, and other purlieus of misery—and to place them in low-cost but substantial homes on fertile soil.

The subsistence homestead projects under way in early March will be:

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—300 homesteads for workers in industry; half of them are from the white-collar groups.

JASPER AND PUTNAM COUNTIES, GEORGIA—500 homesteads for farmers living on eroded submarginal land, often isolated and without community advantages.

DECATUR, INDIANA—48 homesteads for workers in small diversified industries whose incomes are low.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA—100 homesteads for stranded bituminous coal miners left unemployed through closing of mines.

DAYTON, OHIO—35 homesteads for unemployed and part-time employed workers in industry, so selected as to make possible an interchange of work.

PENDER COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA—300 homesteads for submarginal farmers and workers in congested industrial centers, now unemployed.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—250 homesteads for workers in the trades, crafts, and heavy industries; many partially employed, half of them to be white-collar workers.

REEDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA—125 homesteads for stranded coal miners who are being organized to form part of an experimental village community.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE—70 garden homes for low-income workers.

CROSSVILLE, TENNESSEE—200 homesteads for stranded lumber workers, stranded coal miners, and submarginal farmers.

HOUSTON, TEXAS—100 homesteads for low-income workers, many of them now unemployed.

ARLINGTON, TEXAS—100 homesteads for low-income workers in Fort Worth, Dallas, and intervening points.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN—110 forest-farm homesteads for isolated farmers living in cut-over forest regions who will combine work in forestry with small part-time farming.

WICHITA FALLS, THREE RIVERS, and BEAUMONT, TEXAS—50 homesteads each, for low-income workers.

McCOMB, LAUREL, TUPELO, MERIDIAN, and HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI—25 homesteads each, for workers in decentralized industry, some of it of a seasonal character.

HIGHTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY—200 homesteads for Jewish needle workers from the congested clothing industrial area of New York, with a few from Newark, Jersey City, and Philadelphia.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—33 homesteads for low-income workers, many long unemployed.

JASPER, ALABAMA—100 homesteads for stranded coal miners and lumber workers with need for a new start in life.

The movement will continue so long as we have use of the $25,000,000 revolving loan fund provided under the National Recovery Act. It will not end until the 10,000 families have had their chance to obtain a new start. Other thousands may get their chance likewise, should the movement go on permanently with additional funds to back it.

The program, long encouraged by Liberty and stoutly advocated by its publisher, Bernarr Macfadden, is receiving the closest scrutiny from President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary Ickes, and other members of the President's official family. If it succeeds the demonstration will point the way for many individuals, for private capital, for local and state housing authorities, and for the federal government itself.

The first project undertaken and which will soon be in full operation is being worked out on a 160-acre farm adjacent to Dayton, Ohio. Each project has been so selected as to make certain that it will have a personality of its own—reflecting the nature of the soil, the climate, the people who will occupy the homestead, and the hundred or more factors that go into the making of a home and a community.

But while climate, soil, the character of houses, and other factors may differ according to locality, the feelings of men and the things which give them genuine satisfaction are much the same everywhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Beck and their son, Robert, age six, of Dayton are the first of these new pioneers. They didn't wait for their home to be finished before they moved into it—a home in the building of which Mr. Beck contributed much of his own labor. And it is a home far different from the kind that the pioneers of old entered—a small, compact, but modern house, carefully designed and easy to maintain.

The Becks are one of the thirty-five families who will occupy the first Dayton homestead unit. Government funds for this community have been used almost entirely for the purchase of materials. The Unit Committee of the Dayton Council of Social Agencies, which drew up the first plans, selected the homesteaders before the houses were built, and so selected them that there would be a variety of artisan and other skills represented. Thus the prospective occupants were able to interchange work. Most of them were then unemployed and many were receiving sums for relief. But instead of idling, they worked and looked to the future.

With their land the Becks and their neighbors will be able to produce vegetables, fruit, and poultry for their own use. The tracts at Dayton are about two to three acres in size, and it is surprising what a man who wants to work can do with a single acre of good land.

The second project undertaken is located at Reedsville, West Virginia. There an eleven-hundred-acre farm was purchased and platted into 125 homestead tracts averaging five acres, with additional lands available for community use. It is being settled by coal miners and their families.

Two others involving coal miners are under construction, one in Tygarts Valley, West Virginia, near Elkins; another in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania; with several more of this same character, including one at Crossville, Tennessee, planned for early establishment.

Digging the cellar on a subsistence homestead trac

Going Back to the LAND

Now, these miners don't spend their days digging for coal. They can't. The mines in which they have worked are shut down. It is estimated that there are 200,000 men who may never mine coal again. What shall be done for them?

These people are now forced to depend upon public relief, private charity, and their own wits to maintain an existence. For the most part they are men with families. They have known despair. And their children, if they have not starved, have often felt the pinch of hunger and the lack of nourishment. They have gone ragged. They have been without proper shelter on many a cold night. They have come to know squalor, disease, and toil.

Some of them at school have been taught that America is the land of opportunity, and then have left their classes to work in the mines, doing a man's work to add a boy's pay to the family income. This, it is now hoped, will no longer be true with the NRA code provisions outlawing child labor; but there is still the same old want in their midst.

M. L. Wilson, author of this article.

At Reedsville 125 of these families will soon be settled in an experimental village. They will be able to raise their own vegetables, to grow their own fruits, to raise chickens and eat fresh eggs. In time they may be able to keep cows and a pig or two.

These miners will be lords of their own manors. The wives will need no longer to worry over the prices of canned goods nor the quality of the vegetables they buy—or, more often, their inability to buy them. And the children can stay in school, can work about the house and garden in their leisure, can enjoy sunshine, can run and play.

They will have the chance to realize that America really *is* the land of opportunity!

sville, West Virginia.

America was founded on the pioneering spirit which characterizes the development in these mining communities and among the settlers who will live at Penderlea, the project in Pender County, North Carolina, in the forest land of northern Wisconsin where isolated farmers will have a chance to get a new start, or at Wichita Falls, Texas, and other points where projects of quite a different nature will be established.

The homesteads will cost the occupants from $2,000 to $2,800 in most cases; in a few as little as $1,800, unless costs keep mounting as they have in the last six months. The occupant will have a long period in which to make his payments—twenty years in most instances, twenty-five or even thirty years in a few.

In some cases a down payment in cash will be required; but in others, only character, a record of honesty and fair dealing, and determination. The interest charges will be low, and altogether the occupant will be able to buy his property with payments as small as $200 a year.

The occupants will not raise the money they need by selling farm produce. That isn't the idea back of this experiment. Not at all. They will not compete with the farmer who sends his crops to markets. What they grow on their little acreages it is intended they shall consume.

As a matter of fact, for the most part they will be utilizing land devoted to cash-crop production, and the aggregate national area employed in commercial agriculture will be reduced rather than increased.

THE subsistence homesteader will do his farming when he isn't working at some income-producing job. At Youngstown, where 250 homesteads will be established at various points in the Mahoning River valley, the occupants will be chosen from among workers in trades, the crafts, and the network of steel industries which provide the principal business activity for the Ohio city.

At Tupelo—the first city to sign a contract for electricity to be developed by the Tennessee Valley Authority—at Meridian, Laurel, Hattiesburg, and McComb, all in Mississippi, it was decided to establish little communities of twenty-five homesteads each where the occupants will have an opportunity to work in small industries.

In Monmouth County, New Jersey, in many respects the most interesting community of all is being established. There 200 needle workers, most of them from probably the most congested industry of all, the clothing trades, will have an opportunity to leave behind them hideous tenements and the sunlessness of crowded workrooms and crowded homes.

Near Hightstown land has been purchased, and there 200 families will form a community with a factory of their own. Most needle workers are Jewish; and Jews from New York, with a few from Newark, Jersey City, and Philadelphia, will be selected from among thousands of applicants for places.

In this case a down payment of $500 will be required; but friends and philanthropists in many instances will supply it for the occupant. This money will go for the establishment of the private factory in which each of the workers will have a stake. The factory building will cost about $15,000 and its equipment about $35,000 more. A truck will be operated by this factory to make daily trips to the New York clothing-market center.

As in other cases, a local corporation has been formed to assume responsibility—a corporation non-profit in character, whose board of directors consists of persons who serve without pay. Its name is Jersey Homesteads, Inc. It has been extended a loan of $500,000 by Federal Subsistence Homesteads Corporation.

Anybody can do a fine job of repairing quickly —**holes in wood, broken chair, loose casters, nicks, cracks, screw holes, loose drawer pulls,** etc.—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Try it. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD. 25c tube, 35c can.

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The needle workers will have approximately an acre of ground adjacent to each home. In addition they will have a coöperative farm.

At Austin, a small industrial city in southern Minnesota, the division is undertaking another type of project with fifty homesteads on tracts of from three to five acres. It is being established for low-income workers who have time to spare which they cannot put to use.

In this case, as in the rest, care was taken to make certain that school, church, and other community facilities would be available. In some instances new schools will have to be built.

Down in the piedmont country in Georgia, in Jasper and Putnam counties, the division is providing isolated debt-stricken farmers living on poor, eroded lands with an opportunity to get on to better lands. The demonstration will tend to help these people keep from joining a trek to the cities at the first spark of employment opportunity.

A loan of $1,000,000 has been made to finance this Georgia project, which will afford a new opportunity for more than 500 families. Its provisions have been worked out as a result of long study and planning by representatives of the University System of Georgia, together with agencies of the federal government, including the Division of Land Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture.

At Birmingham, Alabama, there will be about 300 homesteads established for low-income workers. There and at Youngstown we are seeking to have about 50 per cent of the occupants selected from among white-collar workers.

BEFORE the program has been completed it is our hope to have one or more projects in at least thirty-five states. The interest shown by the public has been very intense. The division did not set up headquarters until in September, but before Lincoln's Birthday rolled around applications for more than $4,500,000,000 in projects had been submitted. A preliminary analysis indicates with considerable certainty that at least $750,000,000 in applications have some genuine merit. I feel that one or more homestead developments could be undertaken adjacent to most cities with a population of 5,000 and upward, provided there were good land available.

The problem of the stranded-population groups is extremely serious. Among the copper, lead, and zinc mine workers there is a smaller but similar problem to that provided by the coal miners. There are many stranded workers in the lumber industry; in one state there are said to be twenty-five lumber towns stranded because the timber is gone.

The worker in the crowded city presents a problem, for land which is both of high quality and available at low cost is not within his reach. Industries are tending toward decentralization, toward moving out nearer their sources of supply, and this is having a beneficial influence in many cases. But there are many industries which will not decentralize. As for the unemployed in cities, they cannot be dumped on to the land without many complications.

There appear to be four classes of projects which will receive most of our attention:

First, there are the workingmen's garden homesteads near large industrial centers such as Youngstown, Birmingham, and Dayton, cities in which heavy industries are not likely to decentralize.

Second, there are the workingmen's garden homesteads near cities in which small industries are located, industries which can be said to be already decentralized, such as the projects undertaken at Decatur, Indiana, Austin, Minnesota, Wichita Falls, Texas, and the Mississippi cities.

Third, there are the projects involving rehabilitation of submarginal farms and their permanent removal from production, such as the projects mentioned in Georgia, in northern Wisconsin, and in Pender County, North Carolina.

Fourth, there are the communities being established for stranded industrial populations, largely miners.

REGARDLESS of how serious the problems of the industrial worker may be in the future, for the city worker there are always the specters of booms and depressions. One method of attack is by adjustment to the system.

The development of workingmen's garden homes in the vicinity of industrial centers is one way of adjustment. In good times the family naturally would lean more heavily on the pay envelope and not so much on their own labor on the land. In bad times the reverse would be true. When people cannot sell their labor for wages they still can earn their living by their labor.

Stranded population groups are by no means confined to industry. A traveler who goes into little known sections will find thousands of rural families living on worn-out and washed-out lands in a pretty hopeless struggle for existence.

It may surprise you to learn that in the early spring of 1933 one out of every six rural families was "on relief." In July and August the number dropped, as we expected it to; but it didn't drop far. The figures recently showed one in ten such families on relief.

Poor lands should be turned into forests or grass lands, and the people living on them should be given a chance to sow and harvest crops on better soil.

The sum of $25,000,000 cannot commence a wholesale movement of persons on to subsistence farms; it can only blaze a trail. And that is what we hope to do.

THE END

An Elephant Never Forgets

"The elephant reached out his trunk. Zack darted up the side street."

The Hilarious Tale of an Exile from Georgia and Five Tons of Pachyderm Wisdom

By MARY RICHART

(Reading time: 16 min. 54 sec.)

AFTER five years I saw my father's cousin again—Captain Carstairs, retired and "in tea." We sat on an upper balcony of my small hotel in Kandy. Captain Carstairs was tall, wiry, middle-aged, and with a good store of profanity. He had manned a few ships in his time, and was privileged.

"It's fine to see you again, Mary," he said. And instead of talking of Georgia, as I had half expected him to do, he filled his pipe and began to tell me what Kandy was like when the Perahera was not in session. While he talked I sipped my tea and watched the scene.

It was the day after the sacred shrine of the Perahera had made its way, on the back of an elephant, through the torch-lit streets of Kandy, and the annual ceremonies were at an end. Gay canopies still dropped oblique shadows across hot sidewalks; banners and flags stirred in the feeble breeze; and the fragrance of temple flowers—the petals were upon everything continued to fill the air.

The lake, built by the last Kandyan king—I got that from the tourist book—lay dead still, with hills and trees and skies mirrored on its shimmering surface. A few tourists not averse to walking in the heat were following guides up the hill paths. On the esplanade, at the end of the Queen's Hotel, an umbrella, gleaming in the slanting sun like gold, moved silently. Not far behind it were other sunshades in blue, emerald, or red, all moving in that quiet dead way. In the amherstia trees in the garden on our right a paradise flycatcher—I recognized the bird by the two very long white feathers in its tail—strained at a few twittering notes once or twice, but gave up the effort.

There was a sudden stir. Voices sounded. I may have imagined it, but a ripple seemed to run along the edge of the lake. The umbrellas on the esplanade began to gyrate queerly. The streets became alive with porters and rick-

Zack rubbed him vigorously. Pisgah fanned with the big palm leaf.

sha men shouting: "*Aie*, Moji Guj! Moji Guj! *Aie-ee!*"

My father's cousin sprang up as if a trumpet had clanged, and instantly he was off on a tirade of brilliant profanity. I went to the balustrade and looked down into the street. There was a sound of a man's fine barytone raised in song. My ears recognized its timbre as being that of a Southern darky's, and as the words of the song became distinct it proved to be that old Negro spiritual, Hear de Archangels a-Shoutin', a song I had heard a thousand times in the cottonfields of Georgia.

ALMOST immediately a huge elephant, that looked to be twelve feet high at the shoulders, padded out into the middle of the street. The singing Negro was perched on the animal's back, his feet somehow tucked under the tremendous ears. The elephant was picking up his enormous feet and putting them down again to the rhythm of the Negro's song:

"Moses, Moses, donya get lost,
Hear de archangels a-shoutin'!
Stretch yo' rod an' come across,
Hear de archangels a-shoutin'!"

It could not have been more than five or six minutes from the time the elephant stepped into the street until he had disappeared on the road that ran between the Old Palace and the Nata Dewale, but in that short space of time he had gathered a sizable entourage—ricksha men, porters, bullock drivers, "boys," and other natives, who ran along behind at a comfortable distance. Captain Carstairs shouted for more tea and ordered a double whisky-and-soda.

"The reason I couldn't call earlier," he said, "was because of that damned elephant! He went on a rampage yesterday, and spent the night tramping down teafields. And when the biggest elephant in Ceylon tramples a teafield, it's not a pretty sight."

I asked innocently, "Why didn't they shoot him?"

My father's cousin gave me a withering look. "Don't for God's sake, Mary, ask in Ceylon why they don't shoot an elephant! Especially the king of elephants."

HE busied himself for a moment filling his pipe. "The damned rogue went through my estate about midnight, but for some reason or other he took the cart trail and didn't turn a leaf. He went through the estate below mine, too, without touching a thing; but he simply churned Dharmapala's paddy when he reached Dharmapala's fields. I've been fearful all day he'd come back my way and finish his work. Now that scoundrel of a Zack is here, the danger is over."

The captain drank his whisky-and-soda now.

"I don't know which is the worse, the elephant or Zack," he complained. "I've always blamed Uncle Tom Carstairs for a lot of Zack's foolishness. Back in Georgia, Zack was called Thack—Uncle Tom, out of Savannah, raised him. Ever hear your father speak of him?"

I nodded, greatly astonished.

"Well, Uncle Tom used to yank Zack off to church two or three times a week, for nobody but Zack could drive to suit him. He wouldn't let Zack sit out in the rig, but put him in a hard-bottomed chair near the door—one he'd fall out of if he went to sleep. It was a foregone conclusion that Zack would turn preacher. When he wasn't helping in the fields he would stand round on the cotton wharves and preach to the sailors. Sailors won't stand for that sort of thing forever. When I came in from my last trip from our Colombo port here, Zack had been gone a month. Shanghaied! A year later—I'd been here about six months then—I ran into him in the *pettah* at Colombo. I wanted to put him in my teafields, but somebody had told him to keep out of the fields and that settled it."

The captain gave a sort of grumbling laugh.

"It ended with my getting him a job as stall boy with Irigirya, a Kandyan chief over the hill there, with a half dozen elephants. I hated to send him back, for I doubted he'd reach Georgia even if I bought his ticket and put him on a ship. But each Perahera I swear he'll go back before the next one. You understand, of course, what the Perahera really is?"

I nodded. All the books had told of its being the great

native religious procession that takes place in August for a fortnight, ending at the full moon, and that the shrine was supposed to hold a sacred relic of the Buddha. Without that instruction I am not certain that I should have recognized the procession of devil dancers, trumpet blowers, powder-smeared lunatics, and lumbering elephants the night before as a religious rite. But it was not of the Buddhists' Perahera that I was thinking.

Through some perverted association of ideas I had plunged through space and time. I saw wharves, throwing crinkly lights into black water; I saw stacks of cotton bales; and a black man, without ritual or glamour, preaching "Jesus" to baggy-ankled sailors. And somehow, as I beheld the black face, the soul of Christianity showed through. Once I heard a Negro preaching, "He ez dwelleth in love, bredern, dwelleth in Jesus—and Jesus in him."

Captain Carstairs's voice brought me back to the present:

"Don't think these dark-skinned natives are like our Georgia niggers. They're as unlike as a tin can is to a bell. The elephants saw it. Their brain is bigger than a man's. They saw Zack was different. It was that damn' song you heard Zack singing that got Moji Guj—weaned him, I mean, from Pisgah, his other mahout."

"The rhythm," I said. "It was in every movement of the elephant."

The captain nodded.

"Being a nigger, and lonesome, Zack sang all day—Irigirya's *appu* told me about it later. The *appu* said they all noticed from the first how Moji Guj beat time to Zack's song. But it wasn't until the Perahera came in August that Moji Guj showed his hand. Elephants are that way, you know."

MY father's cousin gave a sudden burst of laughter at the recollection.

"When Zack saw the flags and banners of the Perahera, he thought it was some sort of Fourth-of-July celebration. He hadn't learned about the Buddhist part. He'd been wearing native clothes, but he got into his pants and shoes and shirt that night and joined the crowd of sight-seers. When the elephants came along he was standing on the curbstone at the corner there. He didn't recognize Moji Guj because of the jeweled pad and trappings the beast wore.

"But Moji Guj recognized him. The elephant halted the procession—the mahouts were helpless—and reached out his trunk. Zack gave an ear-splitting screech and darted up the side street there—I wasn't ten feet away and saw the whole thing. Moji Guj, with a squeal, dashed after him. In about two minutes he was back, holding Zack above his neck like a black flower tucked over one ear. Then Pisgah pulled him to a place on the beast's neck, gave him a peacock fan to hold, and Moji Guj got back into line and the procession went on."

Captain Carstairs paused, and shouted for fresh tea.

"The next afternoon," he began again, "Zack came out to my place and wanted to know what sort of parade it was he had ridden in—he had pretty nearly got the thing at the end, you know. When I told him, and he realized he had actually taken part in a heathen god's procession, he burst into tears. Down on his knees, he swore he'd never ride in another Perahera. And he hasn't."

"That's been how long—three years?"

The captain nodded. "Last night was the fourth Perahera. But he'll never go home, if that's what you mean. After that performance of Moji Guj's, Irigirya made him the regular mahout. It gets into the blood. Once a mahout, always a mahout. And true to his word, two days before the big procession the next August he quit his job. Irigirya didn't seriously care, of course, for there was the former mahout, Pisgah, eager to take his old place on Moji Guj's neck. Zack went down to Colombo the day before the big night, to look for a ship, he said, to take him to Georgia."

"That was his second Perahera?"

The captain nodded again, and replenished my cup.

"The next morning Moji Guj spent the breakfast hour searching for Zack. He went up and down the elephant

blood will tell—

ONE of the mysteries of life is how much care a man will take of thoroughbred animals—noting when they are "off"... and toning them back to the "pink of condition" to increase their daily usefulness—yet will shamefully neglect his own run-down condition.

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lot several times, looking into the stalls and feeling round with his trunk in the narrow spaces behind, where a small man might possibly hide. He squealed and trumpeted a bit, and charged two or three stall boys. He completely ignored Pisgah, sulked all day, and refused to eat.

"That night the big procession went on without him, for the first time in two generations. Toward morning he battered a hole in the wall of the compound, and made a wild dash for Irigirya's plantain fields—Irigirya's fields supply half of Colombo with bananas—and after he had gorged himself on the fruit he spent hours tramping down the plants. The rogue marked the fields off in lots and did the work right. Irigirya had Zack brought up from Colombo on a special train."

My father's cousin laughed reminiscently, then was silent for a moment.

"I was watching from the roof of Irigirya's packing barns when Zack went into the field," he began suddenly. "He was a little scared, I think, but he was singing that tune about the archangels. When Moji Guj heard the song, he picked up a long plantain branch and came padding across the field toward Zack, as meek as a lamb and using the branch as a baton. It was as funny a sight as I ever hope to see! Well, last year it was the same. Both elephant and nigger worked faithfully all the year until the day before the big procession. Then Zack quits his job, Moji Guj goes on a rampage—and back Zack comes the next day."

"Surely he has enough money by now to pay his passage home?"

"Oh, yes. He imagines he's wild to go back. A letter from any of his folks makes him cry like a baby. The oddest thing is this: I took him up to Trincomali with me in May, just before the big monsoon broke. Irigirya and I hatched the plan up between us. We both thought if Moji Guj would go on a rampage at a time other than the Perahera, when the stall boys and the mahouts weren't so worked up, maybe they could teach him a lesson. There are ways, you know. Well, we were gone four days, and Moji Guj was as pleasant as honey the whole time."

ANYBODY who knew his Kipling, I reminded the captain, would say that the Negro had told Moji Guj he would be gone but a few short days and the elephant had understood the absence was to be only temporary. My father's cousin laughed.

"That's exactly the explanation Zack gave me. He had got it from the other mahouts, of course. All of which is so much bosh. Elephants are pretty smart—as I said—but they're not that smart. The Perahera season is probably as much to blame for Moji Guj's rampages as any one thing."

"It would be interesting," I observed after a moment, "to have Zack's own reason for not going back to Georgia."

The captain looked at his watch. "We'll have time to run out to the Katugastota Bridge before dinner. Zack will have to take Moji Guj down to the *ganga* for a bath—there's a bath hole near the bridge where they go regularly. It's a pleasant drive and you'd probably enjoy seeing a native elephant swash round in a river. If Pisgah is along, we might call Zack and put your question. They'll keep the other elephants away until Moji Guj's bath is over."

The regular procedure that Zack must adhere to after these rampages of Moji Guj's, it seemed, was first to take the elephant to Irigirya's estate, that all might see that Moji Guj was in his right mind once more. Then the elephant must be taken to the *ganga*, there to be bathed and rubbed vigorously, so that both spirit and body could be rid of the grossness and impurities of his recent riotous behavior.

WE reached the *ganga* ahead of Zack and his elephant; but presently we heard the song of the archangels, and in a few moments the huge beast came into sight, lumbering along in a leisurely fashion and swinging an enormous palm leaf to the rhythm of Zack's song. Zack sat on one side of the elephant's mighty neck, and back of Zack was the native mahout Pisgah. But there was no sign of the entourage of an hour ago. We stood by the railing and watched the scene. Zack, dressed in the native *comboy*, or *sarong*, went into the river, wading in water up to his knees, and while Moji Guj wallowed, first on one side and then on the other, Zack rubbed him vigorously with the outer husk of a coconut. Pisgah went into the water too, and during the bath, either to cool the beast's hide or to waft away the evil, he fanned the elephant with the big palm leaf.

My father's cousin took a linen dust coat that had been folded across the rail in the back of his car, and went down a footpath that led through the trees to the bath hole. The elephant and his mahouts left the water, and a few moments later the captain and Zack took the footpath back to the bridge, Zack walking a little behind the captain, as was proper. Zack was wearing the dust coat, which, I knew, was to hide his nakedness in the presence of a Carstairs lady from Georgia.

When Zack came out of the trees near the bridge, he set up a high-pitched but canorous laugh. It was his soul laughing, and the bridge and the water and the skies took it up. Still laughing, he lifted a hand and smote himself on the other palm.

"De capt'n done tol' me you is young Cunnel Henry Carstairs' li'l' gal," he chuckled. "Yassir, Ah recollects 'bout de young cunnel. He was a skinny fine young gemman when de Cunnel Roosevelt come down to Chickamauga an' rid off up de ridge lack he wuz a boy. De Carstairs is a big family, dey is. Ah done got shinhied outta Savannah, Miss Mary. But Ah is comin' back. Will you please to

tell our Georgia folks Ah is comin' back one o' dese days?"

"When are you coming back, Thack?" I said, using his old name.

"Ah gwine come back when de Lord gibs me de sign ez He wants me to go back, Miss Mary. You wonder 'bout dat sign? Uh-huh. I done gits one sign when I was fust led to de elephant lot. It wuz dat fust night when de big parade comes along. De Lord made dat elephant kotch me up wid his snout and hitch me right on he's neck. It took 'bout a week fur it to git into dis ol' coconut ob mine dat it wuz a sign from de Lord. Well, Ah's waitin' fur de odder sign, missy."

"Look here, Zack," interposed my father's cousin. "What did you mean by going off again yesterday? If you're waiting for a sign from the Lord, why did you go yesterday without it? Do you know that blasted elephant went through my fields last night? If he had turned a leaf I would have thrashed you within an inch of your life!"

"Yassir, yassir. Course you would, cap'n. Ah knows hit. Ah knows hit mighty well, capt'n. But dat elephant ain't neber gwine to tech *yo'* ground. I done splain matters to him, capt'n. Ah took him up de cart trail on yo' tea plantation an' showed him all de parts ob yo' fields, capt'n, so's he'd know. An' Ah showed him Cunnel Sullivan's and Cunnel Landcaster's lands too. I splained to dat elephant dey is both fine Christian gemmens too, capt'n."

My father's cousin sputtered, "What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, dat elephant is obleeged to do a li'l' hinderin' when dat heathen god gits to sashayin' round, capt'n, fur de Good Book says, 'Ef it shall come to pass ez you wuz a curse among de heathen, so will de Lord save you.' An' it says to lay de hands on strong, an' fear not. My hands ain't overstrong, capt'n, ez you know. But dat elephant Moji Guj am like de army ob de Lord!"

The captain's impatience whistled in his throat. "Oh, my Lord, what are you talking about? What Miss Mary wants to know is why you don't go home. You want to go back—you have enough money to pay your passage back. Well, why don't you go?"

Zack lifted a hand and ran it through his short woolly hair.

"Capt'n, de ways ob de Lord am strange an' powerful, an' it ain't fur me to try to splain 'em to mah betters. All Ah knows is what am. De Lord shinhied me here fur de purpose. Ah's waitin' fur Him to show me when Ah's not needed to minister here no more. Den Ah's gwine back to Georgia wid wings on my toes! Ah don't know nuffin 'bout elephants. Ah jes knows Ah sings de songs ob Moses an' de Lord to Moji Guj, an' he turn away furebber from de heathen gods. He never gwine to ride in de parade wid dat heathen god no more! Ah got to stay here until de Lord moves mah ol' black body back to Georgia, 'cause dat elephant am a *Christian*, capt'n."

MOJI GUJ made a little squealing sound, and Zack bowed himself off the bridge and trudged back down the path to the water hole. Down by the *ganga* once more, he took the mighty Moji Guj by the ear.

"Come, king ob all de beasts from eberlastin' to eberlastin'," we heard him say, "an' lift yo' heaben-born up to the velvety cushions ob your back." He began to sing, and Moji Guj, his movements falling into the rhythm of the song, lifted his heaven-born, turned to the elephant path, and lumbered away.

For once my father's cousin seemed at a loss for words. We continued to stand by the railing. Zack's song came back to us faintly:

"Oh, Ah runs all de way,
Ah runs all de way,
To hear de archangels a-shoutin'!"

Before us the twilight fell down from the skies with the amber-yellow softness of lamplight. When the captain helped me into the car he turned upon me a faintly quizzical look, but we were back in town before he finally spoke.

"That crazy nigger was right about one thing," he said. "Moji Guj went through Sullivan's paddy last night, and through Landcaster's tea last night, just as he went through my fields—without turning a leaf! It's only the fields of the *Buddhists* that he's trampled!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 37

1—A coarse East Indian cotton material.

2—The sixteenth letter of the Greek alphabet; used in mathematics to denote the ratio of 3.1416.

3—Janus.

4—The water, sand, or mercury hourglass.

5—A fermented beverage that was formerly made from mares' or camels' milk.

6—In Russia, on the Volga.

7—An aërial phenomenon seen in Italy, showing distant objects, sometimes upside down.

8—Asiatics.

9—As an abbreviation of I Owe You.

10—With Mme. Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV of France.

11—A character in Dickens's Dombey and Son.

12—A game of cards.

13—Robert Boyle (1627-91).

14—Two fathoms of water.

15—Eric the Red is reputed by some to be the discoverer; Leif the Lucky by others.

16—France.

17—Admiral Sampson.

18—England.

19—Belgian.

20—Admiral Farragut.

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ROOKIES that

"Yes, I played with the House of David ball nine last year."

They're the Spice and Color and Comedy of Baseball, and They Keep the Managers Guessing—Here Are Some Tales About Them Which Maybe You Haven't Heard

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

(Reading time: 10 minutes 45 seconds.)

THINGS always seem better in the spring. Flowers are not the only things that bloom in it. Rookies bloom annually when the grass appears.

Rookies, of course, are baseball players who don't quite know what it's all about. They are strange creatures at best, and their only excuse is that they are all potential Ty Cobbs, Christy Mathewsons, and Babe Ruths. The rookie of today may be the wonder man of tomorrow—or he may be the guy behind the counter in a Sioux City haberdashery.

The rookie of twenty years ago was apt to be a rawboned youth with a celluloid collar, a badger haircut, and an ingrained belief that any one who ate peas with a fork was a sissy. He was epitomized by Elmer the Great, Ring Lardner's gorgeous creation, but Elmer was no mere caricature of the rookie—he actually was the rookie of those days.

Those rookies have either blossomed forth into great players or their names have been obliterated by the constantly shifting sands of baseball. Memories of some of them remain, however. Which brings us to the story of John Pitts. You never heard of John Pitts and the only reason why you haven't is because John Pitts didn't think he could afford to pay for riding in hotel elevators. So he left baseball flat, and deprived the game of a left-hander who had a fast ball—critics of the day say—which would have been speedier than the thunderbolt which Lefty Grove launches at American League batters each year.

Pitts reported to Macon, Georgia, one warm spring day to startle his future team mates by appearing without shoes. He hailed from the hills of one of the Carolinas, and where he came from only preachers and women wore shoes. Finally they persuaded him to try a pair—and found his size to be fourteen and a half.

Pitts was entranced with the hotel where the team stayed. He had never been in a hotel before. He had never seen an elevator in his life and he chuckled over it like a child with a new toy. The first day in town he rode that elevator for three hours and he had the colored lads dizzy answering his calls. He was no clown on the field, however.

After three days of riding the hotel elevator some of the boys on the team decided that this had gone far enough. They got a billhead from the manager's office and sent a bill in to Pitts charging fifty dollars " for use of elevator." That broke his heart. He had thought that the elevator service was free. In great distress he went to the club manager with his story. The manager (who should have known better) sympathized, and finally, after a long powwow, told Pitts that he would persuade the club to pay the bill.

" But," the manager said sternly, " after this you pay for your own elevator rides."

" After this I'll walk," Pitts said sadly.

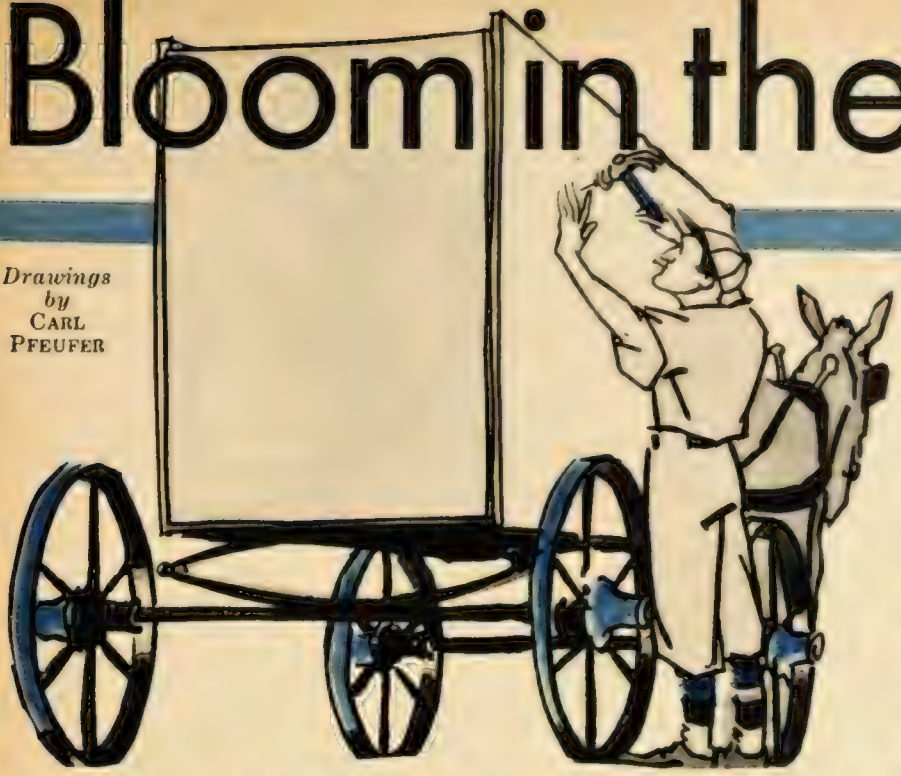
So all the way North he walked to his room in the small hotels where the club stayed. But then came New York and the club stayed at a large hotel. Pitts was assigned to a room on the fourteenth floor.

The rest of the club had forgotten the prank played in Macon, but Pitts hadn't. For three days and three nights he trudged wearily up and down those fourteen flights, but on the fourth day he rebelled. He disappeared, leaving a note for the manager saying that he was going back to the hill-billy country where a man didn't have to walk half a mile upstairs to his room when he wanted to take a nap. He

"Plop!—there is a crash. The ball has fallen in the soup and broken the dish."

Bloom in the Spring

Drawings by CARL PFEUFER



"On the wagon was a big sign telling who we would play in the afternoon. I was advertising manager."

was never heard of again, and baseball critics of the day say that the world lost another Rube Waddell.

But as for the rookie of today and of late years—well, take Gordon Slade. He played second base and shortstop for Brooklyn season before last, and last year he was with the Cardinals. When he made his first appearance in Clearwater, Florida, that sleepy west coast town where the Dodgers used to train, Slade was no rawboned diffident confused dumb-bell. The first night in town he proved himself to be the best bridge player in camp. The third day he licked Dazzy Vance on the golf course, and the fourth night he showed the boys how to fill an inside straight. After that he belonged.

The team moved to Miami. Slade was accepted now even by such grizzled veterans as Dazzy Vance and Rube Bressler. "A fresh kid," they'd growl—but it was an affectionate growl. They took him to the dog races one night. For a while they watched the electric rabbit shoot out of the box and they watched the frantic sprinting of the dogs, which never quite managed to catch up with it. And then they moved over to the pari-mutuel windows.

"I'D like to make a little bet on the next race," Slade said to the man behind the cage.

"Which dog?" the bookmaker snapped.

"Oh, I want to place a bet on the rabbit."

"To win?" the bookie asked sarcastically.

"Oh, dear, no. Just to place, mister, just to place."

The outraged bookie blurted, "I've got a good mind to come out and sock you one."

"Dear me, what temper!" Slade shook his head. "These boys take care of things like that for me."

And he pointed to the huge bulk of Vance and the trim-looking Bressler, both of whom were smiling invitingly. The incident was closed, but thereafter Slade was always "that fresh kid" to Vance.

Fresco Thompson as a rookie was much like Slade. He went South with the Phillies for the first time. Tommy would weigh about a hundred and forty. He looked about sixteen, too. But he had an arm that threw a ball with the force and accuracy of a rifle—and he could punch out those base hits and run those bases.

He looked pretty good out there on the field the first day. The team went in to dinner, and it chanced that Tommy sat opposite Lefty O'Doul, a star then, a star now, and—God willing—a star for many years to come. Lefty thought he'd have some fun with this new rookie.

"Did you ever play ball before?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. O'Doul, I played with the House of David ball nine last year," Thompson answered meekly.

THERE was a loud guffaw at this. In case you don't know, the House of David sends out each season a team composed of bearded ball players. The idea of the boyish-looking Thompson sporting a beard!

"But they let me out," he said sadly, "for breaking a soup plate."

"Tell us about it," O'Doul demanded.

"Well, it was like this," Tommy began. "We take a trip South last year, and we play the St. Louis Browns an exhibition game. We are doing fine, and going into the ninth the score is all even. Then Ralph Kress hits for two bases and we begin to worry. Red Carpenter is tossing for us when he can get untangled from his beard, and he figures out a smart play. I am playing second and Red calls me over to the box. He gets the ball and he slips it to me. I have quite a beard then and I just tuck the ball in my whiskers and stroll back to second base.

"Kress, seeing both my hands are empty, takes a big lead, and I grab for the ball to tag him out. Well, that darn' ball has got lost in my whiskers. I search and search and can't find it, and meanwhile Kress runs home with the run that beats us. Am I mortified?

"That ends the ball game and we get dressed and go in the hotel to have dinner. They serve soup and I bend over to inhale a little clam chowder when—*plop!*—there is a crash and I am clam chowder from head to foot. The ball has fallen out of my whiskers, landed in the soup, broken the dish, and spattered chowder all over the west coast of Florida. The manager fired me right then."

The ball players roared. O'Doul said, "Have you got fixed up to room with any one yet, you fresh kid?"

"No, I haven't," Tommy told him.

"I worked. I did more than play ball every day. I helped get the ground in shape."

" Well, I got to room with some one," O'Doul growled. " It might as well be you."

And so the fresh rookie roomed with the star of the team, and he roomed with him for the next five years.

Remember Pepper Martin, the sensational young St. Louis outfielder? Three years ago, in the middle of the season, the St. Louis team sold Taylor Douthit, a really great outfielder, to the Cincinnati Reds and recalled Martin from Rochester. Martin was an untried rookie. He was tossed right into the middle of a hot pennant race, and he came through like a thoroughbred.

That first week in the big time was, must have been, a tough one for him. The baseball writers mobbed him—he was good copy. We all talked to him when the Cards came East. He had been with the team about two weeks. How did he find the fast company? Was he nervous out there in the sun field? What kind of shape was he in?

" I'm a little overweight," he drawled. " I guess it's because I don't work hard enough up here in the big time. I haven't been in real good shape since I left Texas. You know, I learned to play ball down there in the cow country. I played for a little team in Texas, and now I'm telling you I worked. I mean I did more than play ball every day. I did everything but sell tickets. I helped get the ground in shape—and I was advertising manager of the club. I guess all that work kept my weight down."

Sid Mercer, great baseball writer, almost choked. " You were what? Advertising manager? Who ever heard of a ball player being advertising manager of the club? "

" You did," Pepper Martin said mildly. " Just now. Yeah, I was advertising manager. Every morning I would have to drive a horse and wagon around town. On the wagon was a big sign telling the folks who we would play in the afternoon. See? I was advertising manager."

" What do you weigh now? " Mercer asked.

" A hundred and seventy-seven and a half."

" Well, what is your best playing weight? "

" Well," Pepper drawled, " I figure I'm best when I'm down to about a hundred and seventy-six."

Mercer threw his arm around Martin's shoulders. " You'll do," he said. " You'll lick this league all right."

" I aim to," Martin said mildly. And he did.

Heard of Jerome " Dizzy " Dean of St. Louis? A great pitcher, but as a rookie the dizziest who ever thought the little hammock in an upper berth was to hold a pitcher's arm.

Three years ago, his first year in the league, the Cardinals were playing the then world's champion Athletics an exhibition game at Fort Myers in Florida. Every one was just beginning to hear about Dean. He was a mark for newspapermen. He welcomed them with shining eyes.

" We hear that you've been saying this league isn't so tough, Dizzy," some one said. " They tell us you think that Texas league was harder. Is that right? "

" Oh, if you're good, all leagues are the same," Dizzy drawled. " There are a few smart men up in this league, though. Now take that Mule Haas of the As—he's the smartest baseball man I ever saw."

THIS was astonishing. Praise from Dean? " Yeah, he's smart," Dean continued. " Yesterday we played the As, you know, and in the ninth we're one run in front, and Gabby Street wants to make sure we win, so he stuck me in there to relieve Bill Hallahan. Al Simmons is up first and he hits a double. Imagine my surprise. Of course I had just lobbed that onion up there, but I was mad at him for hitting it. I seen him standing there on second base and I said to myself, " Listen. Don't let these tramps make a mug out of you." So I bore down and I struck out the next three men on nine pitched balls."

" But where does Mule Haas come into this? How does that make him so smart? "

Dean smiled. " Well, after the game he goes over to Gabby Street and he says, ' Gabby, that Dean is a great pitcher. He had ought to win thirty-five games for you this year.' Yes, sir, that Haas is sure a smart fellow."

Dean is a rookie no longer. Hs is an established star, not as colorful, not as cocky as he was in his rookie days, but just as good-natured, as likable, and just about as good as he always said he was.

It was a warm night in Clearwater, Florida, two years ago. The ball players were sitting in the hotel lobby and rooms, playing hearts and bridge. I was playing with Adolph Luque against Del Bissonette and Dazzy Vance.

" Two spades," Luque said. " I see that Pea Ridge Day got in tonight. They tell me he has a good screw ball. No? He wins plenty of games in Toledo last year."

" He's quite a boy," Vance drawled. " Three diamonds. There he is now. Hey, Pea Ridge! "

Red-faced, barrel-chested, Pea Ridge Day ambled over. No scared rookie, this lad.

" You don't look so happy, Pea Ridge. Cheer up."

" I always feel sad on this day." Pea Ridge shook his head. " This is the anniversary of the death of Ambrose."

" Oh, that's too bad," Vance said. " Your brother? "

Day hesitated. " No-o-o. Not exactly. Now, I'm just a boy from the country and I don't want to take up the time of a lot of big-shot ball players, but if you want, I will tell you the story of Ambrose."

" Go ahead," Vance smiled; he'd made his three diamonds and was putting down the score.

" WELL, my real name is not Pea Ridge, but on the other hand is Clyde, but every one calls me Pea Ridge because I come from Pea Ridge, Arkansas. Now, when I am a kid on my father's farm we raise hogs. On my tenth birthday my uncle, Uncle Ambrose, gives me a small hog all for my own. I name him after my uncle because I am very fond of my uncle. Well, sir, that hog turned out to be the smartest hog ever seen in the Pea Ridge Mountains, and the hogs we raise down there are so smart that only college graduates can eat them.

" Us kids are always playing ball, of course, and we had a feller on the team that was named Bill Haggard, and my lands, how he could hit that apple! It got so that the kids who played the outfield used to wear out one pair of shoes after another chasing them well hit balls off Haggard's bat. Now, their parents used to get sore at this, so I hit on the idea of training Ambrose to chase the ball every time Haggard would hit one. Say, it was a caution to see Ambrose quiver when Haggard got up! Then, when Haggard hit one, Ambrose would light out like a streak, and no matter how far that ball was hit, he always used to come back with it in his mouth and, wagging his tail, drop it at my feet.

" Well, sir—you should of finessed that queen, Mr. Vance; you would have got another trick—the years passed and we all grew up, including Ambrose. By now I am playing for Casey down in Toledo. A year ago I went back to see the folks and got the old gang together and we had a little ball game. Ambrose is mighty old now for a hog, but he is still as smart as ever.

" I bring Ambrose along to watch the game on account of he is such a baseball fan. I am pitching, and who gets up but my old pal Bill Haggard. I toss him a fast one, high on the outside. He murders it. How he kisses that ball! The last we see of it, it is disappearing over the Pea Ridge Mountains. Suddenly I hear a squeal of joy and see a flash go by. It is Ambrose after that ball. Ambrose has forgot that he's an old man. Before I can catch him, he's just a white spot in the distance."

" He never came back? " Vance asked.

Pea Ridge shook his head sadly. " No. He followed that ball clean across Arkansas, right over Ohio, and into Illinois. The ball landed on a street in Chicago, and Ambrose was right there when it dropped. But, alas, that street was plumb in the midst of the stockyard district, and—well, by now Ambrose is probably hanging in some butcher shop, made into sausages."

Pea Ridge walked away. " Rookies have changed since my day," Vance said. " Deal 'em up, Luque."

Later in the summer the Dodgers were playing in Chicago and some one took the boys for a tour of the stockyards. Pea Ridge was very interested.

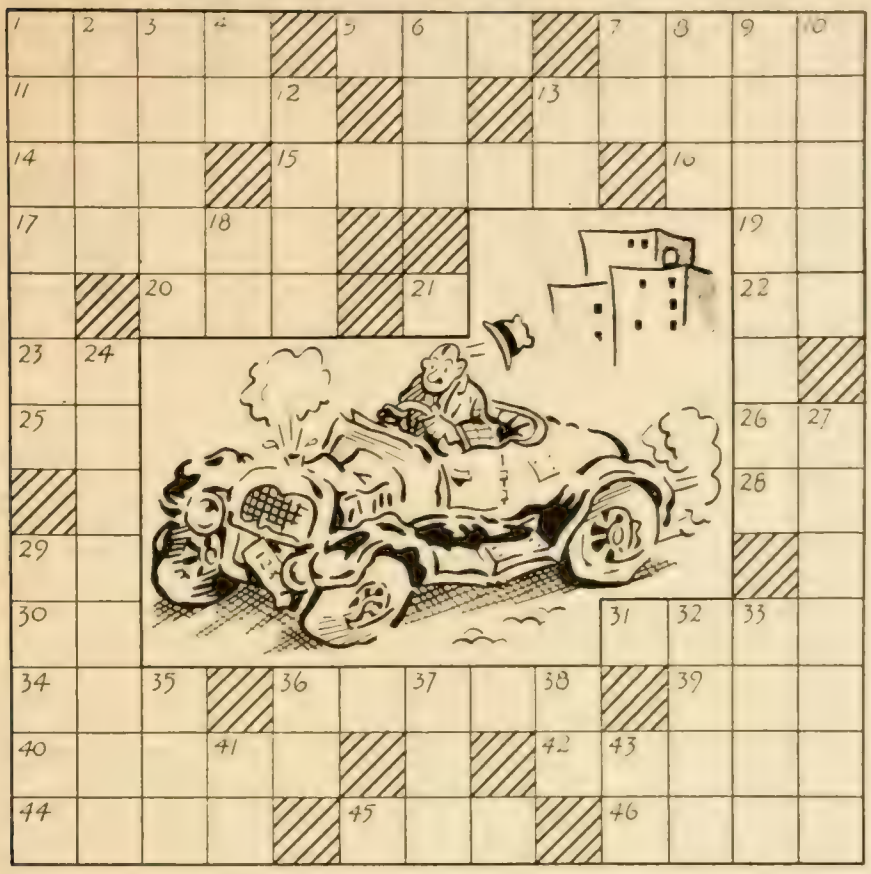
" What are them awful-looking animals? " he asked.

" Hogs," the guide said—and wondered at the shriek that went up from the other ball players.

" I must of got hogs mixed up with cows," Pea Ridge said. " All this time Ambrose was a cow and I never knew."

THE END

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the proverb suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 Brownish yellow
5 Ravine
7 A small insectivore
11 Fanatical
13 An acid fruit
14 An araliaceous shrub
15 Extreme
16 An attributive suffix
17 Goddess of the hearth
19 Produce
20 Note of the scale
21 Indefinite article
22 Point of the compass
23 A university (abbr.)
25 Wend
26 Ibidem (abbr.)
28 Father
29 In the year of our Lord
30 Coördinating particle
31 The male deer
34 Smallest European deer
36 Shadow
39 Girl's name
40 A liliaceous plant
42 Hundredth part
44 Inquires
45 Expression of disgust
46 Sorrow (archaic)

VERTICAL

1 Impelling
2 Talk with enthusiasm
3 The bottomless pit
4 Twice (prefix)
6 Likely
7 Pronoun
8 Suffix: morbid condition
9 A lord's title
10 Bestow
12 Twofold
13 Note of the scale
18 Preposition
24 In a surprising manner or degree
27 Advantageous purchase
29 The great artery
32 Prong
33 A stake
35 The wapiti
36 Aloft
37 Marsh
38 Alternating current (abbr.)
41 Part of to be
43 French conjunction

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

THE COUNTRY IS GETTING BACK ON ITS FEET

Step out of the Depression and into ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE *Sprinkled in your Shoes*

You will get a "Knee-sier Action" and feeling in Your Entire Make-up.

This antiseptic powder takes the Friction from the Shoes, as Oil does from your motor Car. It drives out that Hot, Swollen, Smarting, tired feeling your Shoes give to your Feet. Always Use it in your Shoes when walking or dancing.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE today. Two Convenient Sizes on Sale at Drug and Dept. Stores Everywhere.

For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address, ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

Allen's Foot-Ease

NO MORE BLADES TO BUY

AMAZING RAZOR "Shakes Sharp"

Keeps Its One Blade Sharp for Thousands of Shaves

AGENTS: Big income introducing this new shaving sensation in your territory. Write for agency offer.

Totally different razor. Thousands with original blade still in use after two to four years' service. The DeHAVEN is a complete Razor, Hone and Strop. ALL IN ONE. Lightweight, compact, permanent. Merely "Shakes" to sharpen. Simple, easy, quick, clean. 3 to 5 minutes for smooth shaves. Positively GUARANTEED.

Get Trial Offer. Prove it for yourself at our risk. Just send name and address for 30-day shaving test offer, full details and proof of success.

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A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
Without Rouge!

Why depend on artificial means to make an unsightly skin attractive? Remove the cause of your trouble. Most complexions are ruined by faulty elimination and impoverished blood due to a lack of Calcium in the system. If such conditions cause your blemishes, a little Calcium will work wonders for you.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have helped thousands of women to restore their Natural Beauty. They have seen a dull, lifeless, pimply skin become clear, smooth and firm again and with a flush of natural color that nothing can remove. Now their powder and rouge are only a habit instead of a necessity.

Try Stuart's Calcium Wafers for just a few days. Let this gentle, internal beauty-aid prove to you the system's need for Calcium and why Natural Beauty must come from within. A Free Sample will be sent you if you mail the coupon below.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

A sample package sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will be sent you if you mail this coupon to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 10-V, Marshall, Mich.

Name .....
Address .....
Town .....

Transient LADY

A Vivid Novel of Dangerous Days and a Girl's Devotion

ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD

(Reading time: 13 minutes 48 seconds.)

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

BUT Hamp's belligerence was gone. He cross-examined, but without fire. He hated Kiley—hated him bitterly because, by his own admission, Nick Kiley had killed Fred. But Hamp was a shrewd trial lawyer and he knew there was little to be gained by attempting to befuddle a witness who admitted having fired the fatal shot.

Carey followed with three witnesses: Eddie Grainger, president of the Karnak State Bank; Greg St. Julien of Pineville, and John Gracey of Karnak—stanch, reputable citizens of unimpeachable honor. They testified that they had smelled liquor on Fred Baxter's breath that night of the killing and that Fred and his companions had appeared to be drunk. The night clerk at the Karnak Hotel testified—with manifest reluctance—that Fred Baxter had taken a full gallon jug of whisky into his room during the early part of the evening, and that the next morning that jug had been removed by the maid, almost two thirds empty.

Hamp Baxter cross-examined these witnesses, but accomplished little. Grainger, St. Julien, and Gracey were obviously telling the truth.

Then Chris Blake took the stand. He, too, told a simple straightforward story without guidance or direction from Carey.

His story withstood Hamp's cross-examination. It was too simple and true to be vulnerable. And then Carey made his address to the jury.

It was unusual—this young man speaking from a wheel chair; speaking quietly, clearly, and concisely—not stopping to flatter the jury with the obviously false statement that they were intellectual giants, but approaching them as men and citizens. Carey knew that they could not see him in the wheel chair and forget that twenty-four hours since they had witnessed a murderous attack upon him, and so he did not refer directly to that assault.

He spoke less than a half hour. He indulged in no flights of oratory. He arranged his facts cleverly and impressed upon the jurymen that they *were* facts—not theories. He called attention to the discrepancies in the stories told by the state's witnesses. He dared them to disbelieve Nick Kiley's fearless testimony.

Then he nodded to Hamp Baxter and wheeled himself away from the rail of the jury box, though not so far away that they could not see him and remember that Matthew Baxter had attempted to murder him the previous day.

Hamp fought well. His great voice reverberated through the crowded court room and reached the straining ears of the throng in the square. He threw back his silvering hair and pleaded that Karnak defend herself against the immoralities and iniquities of Yankee invaders as she had defended herself in 1863. He used his whole bag of court-room tricks, he resorted to veiled threats, but the magic had gone from the man.

The jury was out less than twenty minutes. They filed back into the court room, and the foreman announced the verdict.

He said simply, "Not guilty!"

There was a roar of applause. It swept through the windows and down to the square and came back a hundredfold. The judge rapped for order and demanded that the court room be cleared. And Chris was beside Dale and his arms were about her and both were crying. And Major Marshal was shaking his son's hand and trying not to show quite all of the pride he felt.

Pat Warren was holding Carey's arm, and there were tears in her eyes. And they were all very foolish and excited.

Hamp Baxter brushed by them without a word. He looked hurt—and surprised—rather than angry. His stalwart figure shouldered through the door and disappeared down the corridor.

They clustered about Carey's chair and talked excitedly. Nick Kiley was more than a trifle perturbed.

"Will I be arrested, major?" he asked.

"No, sir. I don't believe so."

"But when I admit I shot the lad—"

"The sentiment of the town has changed, Mr. Kiley. The Baxter case has been discredited. I'm quite sure they won't cause you any trouble. Although—it might not be bad strategy to leave the state before certain folks change their minds."

Nick nodded. "Sounds like good advice to me," he said. "I got me a new truck, and I was figuring I'd be loading her up with my skates and phonograph and all them decorations—"

"And open a rink in some other town?" inquired Carey.

"Yeah! I suppose so."

Chris edged forward. "Got a job for me, chief?"

"You said it, kid."

Instinctively Chris turned toward Dale and a sudden hush fell on the group. Chris said, "What'll you be doing, Dale?"

Her face was white and her voice steady.

"I'll be going with you, Nick—if you want me."

"Sure I want you—you and Chris both."

"I'd love to stick with you," said Dale Cameron. "There's nothing to keep me in Karnak any longer."

Two days passed and there was considerable activity at the old warehouse on Railroad Avenue.

Nick and Chris worked in their shirt sleeves. Dale Cameron directed and supervised.

She hoped they wouldn't notice that she was deeply

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

He put his arms around her slender waist and drew her close to him.

affected by this definite ending of her dreams.

Here in Karnak she had known happiness and real people, misery and venom, elation and tragedy, love and frustration. She had learned to hate Karnak and to love it; she wanted to go, yet she was loath to leave.

Dale had aged in the past two months, mentally rather than physically. She was quieter, and her deep violet eyes had a more somber light. The long curling lashes veiled her feelings now from these two men who were her friends and companions.

Her thoughts dwelt upon the stanch homes in Pineville, homes of Carey Marshal and Pat Warren, homes of the Gordons and the St. Juliens and the Lazenbys, homes which had been aged and mellowed by association and tradition; grand old buildings which had sheltered families against weather for innumerable years and would continue to shelter them. And against that thought Dale Cameron was privileged to peep into her own future, a future of small towns and doubtful people, of strangers and critics, of petty worry and minor pleasures.

FOR Chris and for Nick she was glad. Nick had not been arrested and wasn't going to be. His gallant gesture had aroused the enthusiasm of Karnak, and he was—at the moment—something of a community hero. As for Chris—the boy was infinitely older. One cannot gaze through barred windows at violent death without readjusting one's perspective. The laughter had gone from his eyes, too; but today he was luxuriating in the knowledge of his own freedom and safety. Dale knew that she could not expect either of the men to understand how she felt, or to believe that she loved this town even more than she feared it.

Two Negro men—one large and muscular, the other small and wiry—heaved and grunted and finally hoisted a crate of roller skates on to the flat bed of Nick's new truck. Mr. Kiley observed that the larger man managed to let the smaller one do most of the work, and he was faintly amused. He called them to him then, and instructed them to remove the sign from the front of the building—the sign of which he once had been so proud:

THE MONARCH SKATING PALACE

The Negroes talked as they worked.

"How come you ain't usin' yo' muscle mo' frequent, Frenzy?"

The large person frowned. "Is you incineratin' I ain't doin' my share?"

"Well, you suttinly ain't doin' no mo' than."

"I's expendin' my full stren'th."

"Says which?"

"Says I's puttin' out my foremostest muscle. An' don't you like it, you can lump it."

Noxious Williams climbed three rungs of the ladder which was propped against the front of the building. "Life sho is queer, ain't it, Frenzy?"

Mr. Gillings pondered the matter seriously and took refuge in debate. "Did I say it wasn't?"

"You ain't said nothin'. I jist ast you wasn't it?"

"How come you mention such foolishment, Noxious?"

"Dunno. Jist had a thought, tha's all."

"Well, you ain't s'posed to be exercisin' yo' brain. You is s'posed to be takin' down signs."

"Yeh! An' what I ain't gettin' fum you is no he'p."

"I's comin'."

"An' slow: tha's how you is comin'."

"Git you up, Noxious Williams, an' unloose them nails. Then tie you a rope aroun' the sign an' lower it down."

"What'll you do?"

"I'll lay it on the groun'," boasted Frenzy. "I'll lay it careful, so's it won't git scratched."

Noxious ascended. "You is sholy the helpin'est man."

Dale stood in the doorway. She was suffering from a terrible nostalgia.

As from a distance she heard Nick Kiley's voice:

"Side of the wagon with that sign."

"Yassuh! Us got it."

Then Nick again: "'Bout set, ain't we, Chris?"

"Looks that way, Nick."

"Ready to travel?"

"And how!"

Dale walked inside the cavernous warehouse for a final look.

How long she stood there she did not know. With genuine reluctance she turned her face toward the front door. It was good-by, and her heart contracted strangely. It was illogical and unreasonable that she should regret to leave this place.

Then, suddenly, the color drained from her cheeks. A big car whirled down Railroad Avenue and halted with screeching of brakes in front of the warehouse. She saw the ebony and attenuated Vishy crawl from under the wheel, open the tonneau door, and help a man to alight—a tall slim young man who moved apologetically and with difficulty because he was unaccustomed to crutches. She heard Chris say, "Morning, Mr. Marshal," and she heard Nick's astute comment, "Come to say good-by? You'll find Dale in yonder."

Dale fought for self-control. She had wished—oh, so terribly—that Carey would see her once more before she left, and she was so afraid, now that he was here.

She heard the thump-thump of his crutches. She moved forward to meet him, because that seemed the natural thing to do, and they stood just inside the doorway, and Dale noticed that Nick and Chris had moved toward the truck, shooing the two colored men before them.

THEY stood very close together now: Carey, tall and broad and smiling tensely; and Dale looking more infinitesimal than usual—and more beautiful. For a long time neither spoke, and then she said, "I'm glad you came to say good-by."

He moistened his lips.

"I haven't come to say good-by, Dale."

She dared not answer that, and he spoke again:

"I can't let you leave me."

She looked up at him, helpless and inarticulate. And he said then, "I love you, Dale Cameron."

Hot tears scalded her eyes but she did not move.

"I love you," he repeated.

She put her hand over his where it rested on one of the crutches.

"You know I love you, too, don't you, Carey?"

"I hoped—"

"I've loved you almost from the day I met you." She was surprised by the steadiness of her own voice. "But it's no use."

"Why?"

"Because—" She stopped. Then suddenly the words cascaded: "Because it isn't right, Carey—that's why. Because you and I are different, and because there's some one else—"

"Pat?"

"Yes. Pat. She's your kind. You belong together! Can't you see, dearest? It isn't fair to her—this foolish idea that you love me. We've been thrown together dramatically. You've protected me and fought for me, and you've forgotten that all your life Pat has been there, and that she's wonderful—and meant for you. You're of the same kind, and I'm not going to wreck your life—and Pat's—because circumstances have thrown us together."

He leaned forward on his crutches and his eyes burned into hers.

"I wonder," he said in a strangely uneven voice, "if you'd be interested in knowing that less than one hour ago I asked Pat to marry me?"

"You asked Pat—" She was incredulous.

"I asked her to marry me. She refused."

"But, Carey—"

"She refused," he continued quietly, "and sent me to you. She understands—better than either of us."

"Oh!" Dale felt pain and she felt a great happiness. "I never knew a girl like Pat Warren."

"And you never will, dear. You see, I felt about this just as you feel. I asked her to marry me, and she laughed. Kindly, of course. She joked about it because it was too serious to take seriously. She helped me into the car and she told Vishy to drive fast because she was afraid you might be gone." He adjusted the crutches under his armpits so that his hands were free, and he put his arms around her slender waist and drew her close to him.

"I love you, Dale," he said again.

HIS arms were about her; his eyes—fiercely alight—were close to hers. And suddenly she forgot her fine resolves and her stern courage. She saw only his face—closer and closer—swimming in a mist of happiness. And her lips were quivering as she turned them up to him, and she didn't notice the pain as one of his crutches pressed into her hip as he held her close.

She forgot time—and she forgot the world—until suddenly she realized that Nick Kiley and Chris Blake were standing beside her, and that Nick's bald head was shining and Chris had a set smile on his boyish lips.

"Me and Chris," said Nick Kiley, "we figured we better be movin' along."

She looked at Chris and steadied herself against Carey's arm.

"I'm mighty happy about this, Dale." It was Chris speaking, brave and fine in this moment of renunciation. "You and Mr. Marshal here—well, I'm betting you're gonna hit it off swell."

There were tears in her eyes, and she took Chris's hand in hers. "I'm sorry," she said, but he turned her words aside with a laugh.

"You're crazy—that's what, Dale. You and Mr. Marshal—two grand folks, and I'm for you."

He turned abruptly and walked from the rink. He didn't walk very steadily, but his shoulders were squared and he didn't look back. He didn't even look back when Nick climbed into the truck beside him and started the motor. Dale and Carey could see them through the door. The truck rolled slowly along the concrete road against the gray background of Four Holes Swamp. It reached the corner and turned. Dale saw Nick wave gayly.

The swamp, the houses of Karnak, the odor of summer blossoms, the scent of pine—they suddenly took on a new and intimate significance. She was here—and to stay. Tragedy and misery were forgottten. She heard Carey say, "You'll have to help me into the car, sweetheart."

She couldn't trust herself to talk, but she was glad that even for this brief moment Carey needed her help. She walked to the car with him, and she heard him speak sharply:

"What's the matter with you, Vishy? Why are you standing there grinning like an ape?"

And Vishy answered—still grinning:

"Cain't he'p it, Marse Carey. Cross my heart, suh, I ain't never in all my life seen two folks lookin' so foolish happy. Right heah, suh. Jist leave Vishy h'ist you in."

They settled themselves in the back of the car, and the ebony countenance of Vishy was turned toward them once more.

"I reckon," said Vishy, "that you-all crave to be drove straight to Pineville—you an' the missus."

Carey's arm was around Dale's shoulder.

"Yes," he answered, "I reckon we do."

THE END

Snake Dance

A Short Short Story

By

COREY FORD

(Reading time: 5 minutes 4 seconds.)

HELLO. That you, mom? . . . Oh, I'm sorry, operator, I thought I was connected with . . . No, I'm trying to get long-distance. . . . What? . . . Centerville, Ohio, twelve ring five, I told that other operator. . . . What? . . . I *am* holding it."

He fished nervously in his pocket for a pack of cigarettes, pulled one cigarette out of the pack with his thumb and forefinger, and stuck it swiftly between his lips. He glanced at his watch and scowled. The game had been over for a half hour. The snake dance would be coming down the street this way any minute now. With his free hand he tore a match from the paper safe, and propped the telephone receiver for a moment between shoulder and ear while he struck the match on the flap. As he put the match to the tip of the cigarette, a thin voice rasped vaguely inside the receiver, and he whipped out the match.

"Hello. Mom? . . . Oh, I'm sorry," he mumbled. "How much?" He took a handful of silver from his pocket and began to drop the coins into the slot of the pay telephone. He could hear some one speaking above the echoing reverberations inside the phone.

"What? Oh, mom? Hello, mom. This is Jerry. I say, this is— Can you hear me now? . . . Sure, I can hear you fine. . . . Sure, I'm all right. I'm fine. And you? . . . That's fine.

"Mom"—and his voice seemed to falter for a fraction of a second. Then: "How is he? Is there any change?"

There was a tiny silence.

"Oh." His voice was a little duller when he spoke again. "I see. Yeh. This afternoon, eh? And that other specialist, he said the same thing? Um-hmm. . . . Oh, sure, sure. No, of course, mom, there's nothing to worry about. No, I'm not worried; I only just called to find out if there was any change, that was all. . . . Did they say if he could ever—I mean, can he move his arms any yet?" He gulped. "Well, that doesn't mean anything, really. . . . No, of course, all those things take time. Sure, a year, or maybe even less. . . . What?"

He took a second cigarette out of his pocket and thrust it between his lips nervously. He lit it from the stub of the first one and grounded out the stub beneath his heel.

"What money? Oh, you mean I sent you last week? Now, mom," impatiently, "I told you all about that already in the letter, didn't I? . . . Sure it's a scholarship. I got it for playing football. And so naturally I didn't need all that money you and pop had been saving up for me to go to college, and so I just thought maybe, with pop being laid up now for a while and all . . .

"Where? Why, right here." He frowned. "No, this isn't exactly a dormitory; it's—I live here in the fraternity house, you see. Sure I'm in a fraternity. It's the one pop wanted me to join, too, tell him. . . . No, honest, mom, it doesn't cost me a cent for my room. It's on account of my football."

He opened the folding door a little. He thought he could hear the band in the distance.

"Who, me? Homesick? Not so you'd notice it." He laughed. "I'm having the time of my life here. Everybody's so swell. I know practically everybody here at Dover already. They even all call me by my first name. Say, if you don't think I'm sitting pretty, you ought to see my fraternity house here." He gazed out through the glass door of the phone booth.

"Every night the fellows sit around and we drink beer and chew the fat till . . . Oh, no. No, mom. Just beer. Or usually we just go down to Semple's for a milk shake. . . . No, that's only the drug store. . . . No." He smiled slowly. "I promised you I wouldn't drink, mom."

In the distance now he could hear the sound of the band approaching.

"Well, mom, I gotta hang up now. The gang'll be here in a minute. We're having a celebration after the game today. We played Alvord—took 'em sixteen to nothing. . . . Sure I did, the whole game; you oughta seen me in there. I made two touchdowns. Everybody's going down to Semple's after the game, and I gotta be ready, because of course they'll all want me to be there too. Can you hear the band now?"

It was growing louder, and the eager voices in the snake dance could be heard above the brasses, chanting the score of the game in time with the band.

"NOW, listen, mom. One other little thing before they get here. Mom, see, I'm going to be sending you about ten or twelve dollars or so each week from now on until pop is better. . . . No, mom. Heck, I got plenty. Sure, they always fix you up with a soft job if you're a good enough player. The alumni do it. . . . Here they are now. Hear them?"

The band had halted outside. Some one led a cheer.

"That's for me, mom. . . . Sure. Didn't I practically win the game for them today? Hear that?" He kicked open the door of the phone booth.

He held the receiver toward the open door of the phone booth. They were calling, "Jerry!" "Hey, Jerry, hang up on that babe!"

"Hear that, mom? Now good-by. And look, by the way, if you should ever happen to see Helen," he added carelessly, "tell her I'm sorry I couldn't ask her up to the freshman dance like I'd planned, but with the football season and my scholarship and all— Tell her, mom. She—she didn't answer my last letter. O. K., mom. Tell pop everything's O. K., see? Now don't worry. . . . 'By."

He replaced the receiver slowly on the hook and stared at the mouthpiece a moment. As he opened the door and stepped out of the booth, he could see his reflection for a moment in the tall mirror behind the soda fountain—the familiar white cap, the white jacket with "Semple's" stitched in red letters on the pocket. The crowd was lined along the soda fountain, shouting, "Jerry!" "Milk shake, Jerry!"

THE END

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